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The Pulpit

A Journal of Contemporary Preaching

Hal B. Lloyd:

NO REVOLUTION!

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APRIL, 1953

By Hal B. Lloyd

THE PROBLEM OF

MANY young ministers start their work with revolutionary ideas. They have dedicated their lives to make the world better. They have studied the best religious thinkers of the past and the present. They have caught a glimpse of the absolute demands of the Christian gospel and the high ideals which the Church proclaims. And they are ready to change the world, abolish war, reorganize the economic system, upset political privilege, ignore social and racial distinctions, and give comfort, position and professional advancement. They are men with revolutionary ideas.

As these men enter the Church, many are quickly disappointed. They discover that the vast majority of Christian people are not revolutionary and that church organizations themselves are full of the same evils which the Church is supposed to be fighting. The average congregation seems to insist upon social and racial distinctions and has no intention whatsoever of changing the economic system or giving up the things which in the long run cause wars. The average minister or church executive seems to be concerned about his own advancement and usually advises the young man to be careful or to be silent about his revolutionary ideas. He is told that it is not the minister's business to concern himself with politics and economics and that a promising young man should not spoil his effectiveness by speaking about controversial subjects. Within a few months young pastors with revolutionary ideas find themselves actively and even bitterly opposed by the very Christian people and fellow ministers they thought would be their closest allies in doing the will of God.

Older men frequently chuckle at this and say the young men are learning the hard facts of life and that the experience will do them good. Most men live through the disillusionment, gradually adapt their ideals to the "hard facts," and eventually learn to take their places within the accepted church and social circles without revolt or even uneasiness. They remain good ministers and work hard, but they lose the revolutionary tensions of their earlier days, and for them there is no more problem.

Some men, however, are seriously tempted to give up the Church when they discover this lack of idealism. They feel that they must leave what seems to be a hypocritical institution and give their energies to other apparently more powerful, radical and courageous organizations. They are inspired to do so by much that they read in the Bible and by such classic expressions of Christian revolt as Kierkegaard's *Attack Upon Christendom.*

Revolutionary Thinking

But the truth is that it is quite possible to stay within the established churches without losing the tension of revolutionary thinking. Actually, the great contributions to revolutionary Christian thought and action are made by men who accept the established order for the exceedingly worldly and conservative organization that it is and, staying within it, work from the inside—never losing sight of the thoroughly upsetting demands of Christian faith.

I suggest seven reasons why many Christian people make the effort to do that in spite of the problems it involves.

First, with all the human weakness of the churches, the Word of God is in the Church and in no other place. That is the most important thing in the world for any Christian thinker. The whole message about what God has done for men in Jesus Christ is preserved and told only in the Church, not in any other organization on earth. And Christian people must stay with the group which speaks that message, regardless of what else the group may or may not do.

Second, there are honest differences of opinion about economic and political and social issues among intelligent and consecrated Christian men. Even with the magnificent prophetic demands of our faith, no one opinion about such issues is *the* final Christian opinion, and it is no more than a mark of ordinary perception and humility to admit that fact about one's own most earnest and forceful ideas. Indeed, we may be quite sure that no group in which everyone holds the same opinions about given public issues knows the radical demands of the gospel. The upsetting, revolutionary power of the Word of God always produces differences of opinion in various, equally consecrated Christians.

HAL B. LLOYD writes this significant article out of a broad and varied background. A native of Pennsylvania, he grew up in Tennessee, where he attended Marysville College. Following his graduation from McCormick Theological Seminary in 1946, he spent three years in the Philippines as a missionary under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. This was followed by administrative duties with the board in New York and a year's study at Cambridge University in England. He became the pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Rockford, Ill., in 1951.

A message addressed to the progressive minds of the Christian ministry

NO REVOLUTION

Third, the people and the ministers in the Church may not be as bad as they seem at first sight. Life is complex, and the experiences of a man's life and the inner thoughts of his heart may be quite different from the first impression given by his outer condition and actions. The reasons and motives for actions are usually hidden, and the Christian results of those motives also may be hidden from the hasty observer.

It is always a surprise to overconfident men to discover that the true motives and values of human life are very deep and delicate—that the worth of a man, even from the point of view of the most radical thinker, cannot be determined in sweeping judgments or indicated by clear, sharp lines of division. This knowledge of the complexity of motives, as well as moral character and spiritual insight, causes most Christians to stay within the Church.

Fourth, the man with revolutionary ideas usually has a live and healthy sense of his own weaknesses and limitations. He knows that if he were in most other men's positions in the world, he would probably act very much as the other men act now. The fact is that every minister has enough intellectual and moral weakness, enough spiritual dullness and self-deception to make him very cautious about quickly condemning others. A live sense of his own deep and terrible needs has caused many a man to stay within the Church, along with other sinful, needy men.

The Problem of Means and Ends

Fifth, compromise is necessary for any kind of work with others, and we are fooling ourselves if we think we can avoid it. The Church—made up of men and women who, though re-created in Christ, are yet human and sinful—can fulfill its responsibility toward society only by constant compromise. Thus its essential message and power are not lost but are effectively heard and felt by the people who make the governing decisions in public life. The Church must purposely accept the principle of compromise and work within the limitations which that principle imposes.

Sixth, the Christian cannot join violently revolutionary or extremely conservative secular groups. He is concerned with *means* as well as *ends*, and he cannot sacrifice the one to the other. He is concerned not only to accomplish a certain righteous result but also to accomplish it *in a righteous way*. This limits the organizations which he can join, for some—perhaps most of the conspicuously outspoken ones—work toward their goals by all means and at any cost, and turn out to be profoundly un-Christian in both their thinking and their actions, even when their goals are entirely commendable.

The refusal to associate the Church with either extremely liberal or extremely conservative secular interests does not mean that Christians cannot make up their minds to take a stand. It simply means that they recognize the very complicated problem of means and ends.

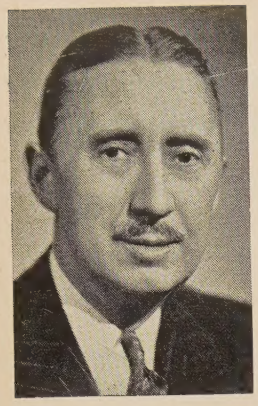
Inherent Conservatism

Finally, most men stay within the established Church because *some* kind of organization is necessary in human affairs, and any new body which a man may join or start for himself will soon be very much like the present ones, with all their faults. Every organization, once it is well established, has an inherently conservative strain, and we cannot escape that conservatism simply by starting anew.

These and other reasons compel men with revolutionary ideas to stay within the apparently conservative, established churches and to work out the terribly upsetting demands of the will of God with other people who have received what God has done for them in Christ.

The Christian faith is indeed profoundly revolutionary. He who teaches or writes or speaks of its revolutionary force is quite right. But the best work among Christians is done by men who know the radical social power of the gospel and hold it in reserve like a coiled spring as they work within the conditions which the organized Church provides. The tension of unrealized ideals is never relaxed and yet is never released with all its force. Like the steady force of water held behind a dam or the unceasing irritation of an uneasy conscience, the revolutionary power of Christian ideals pushes always against the dullness and selfishness of human nature. And where it is continued long enough, it changes both individuals and society.

That is not a very exciting kind of revolution, and it requires a man of unusual inner strength to maintain the tension without relaxing it and without bursting. But those who do are the really revolutionary heroes of the faith. And it is to that kind of spiritual tension within the Church that the young Christian with a revolutionary mind is called.



The Dawn of Death

By Ralph W. Sockman

They went to the tomb when the sun had risen. Matthew 16:2.

THE earliest Gospel record of the resurrection story says of Mary and her two companions: "They went to the tomb when the sun had risen."

We commonly associate death with darkness and tombs with shadows and gloom. We speak of old age as the twilight of life. Even our hymns use the symbolism of night in treating of death.

> Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
> The darkess deepens, Lord with me abide.

Or again:

> Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
> Darkness be over me, my rest a stone.

Easter is a festival of dawn; yet despite all the hosannas of this joyous morning, we still talk and sing of death as a sunset rather than a daybreak. Can we so take the message of Easter to heart that we shall feel like Clement of Alexandria when he said, "Christ hath turned our sunsets into sunrise?"

First of all, Christ brings the conviction of immortality into the light of dawn. The belief in life beyond the grave did not begin with Christ's resurrection. It is found among the most primitive people and persists among the most cultured. A conviction so universally held by the best persons at their best moments puts the burden of proof on those who would deny it. I should believe in immortality even if I had never read the stories of Easter morning.

When I look at nature, my reason leads me to believe that life goes on beyond the body. There is something that makes this universe go. It is not dead; it is throbbing with life. That mysterious force called life is touching the roots of the trees outside the door. The promise of spring's resurging life is in the air. The flowers feel it. The birds feel it. We feel it, for the life in us is a part of that central force which surges through all creation, covering the ground with green, clothing the trees with foliage, pecking its way through the shell of the egg, swinging the stars through space.

Like Don Marquis, beloved author and playwright of a recent yesterday, I believe that this life-principle is imperishable, for the simple reason that, if it stopped, the end would be nothingness, and a complete state of nothingness is unimaginable. As Marcus Aurelius said: "Nothing can come out of nothing, any more than a thing can go back to nothing."

Truly "life is more than meat," either the meat of the food eaten or of the eater. If life were material substance, then we would weigh more when life is in us than when it is departed from us. It occupies no space; it has no weight as we know gravity. It may be figured as the flow of an immaterial something—a procession.

An Imperishable Life-Principle

Yet this life process, which flows through these bodies, preserves its identity through all the bodily changes. In the process of growth, the human body undergoes a complete renovation every seven years. Hence, some of us have had several bodies; yet, through all these changes, our personal identity continues. This organizing center of life, called the soul or the spirit or the mind, keeps our individuality intact while replacing the worn parts of the physical structure.

Does it not, therefore, seem possible—even logical—that personality can survive the extreme bodily changes of the grave? As Sir Oliver Lodge was wont to say, "Smashing the organ is not equivalent to killing the organist." We might add that killing the organist does not stop the music. A young aviator, Goodrich White, Jr., killed during the war, had among his gifts that of musicianship. He once said that he never listened to great music without the keen awareness that it stemmed from a much higher power than the man who was playing it, and even higher than the man who composed it. That statement was remembered with comfort by his mother after his death. And does it not strengthen our belief in immortality? Great

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music does come from a source greater than the instrument on which it is produced, greater than the player who renders it, greater than the artist who composed it.

So with life: it is more than the meat of these bodies, more than the thoughts of these minds. As Lotze, the philosopher, pointed out, "The finite being does not contain in itself the conditions of its own existence." These lives of ours presuppose a vaster whole of which we are a part.

Yes, when I look at nature, with its irresistible on-going life-principle, and when I look at this human nature, possessed of a spirit which is so much more than the body, my reason tells me that life is too great for the grave and death cannot hold the soul. But mere logic is rather cold comfort when loved ones are taken.

Death Cannot Hold the Soul

Christ adds something to cold logic. He taught that God is not merely an energy-conserving *Force* but a child-saving *Father*. Jesus so lived that those who followed him felt more and more sure of God's fatherhood. He was so convinced that he knew what God is like that he said, "He who has seen me has seen the Father." Men were so convinced that Jesus was right that they told of finding "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." And Jesus died with his confidence unshaken, saying as his last words on the cross, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit." Jesus staked his own life on the fidelity of his Heavenly Father.

If then God is a Father, he keeps faith with his children. So Christ said, "What man of you, if his son asks him for a loaf, will give him a stone? . . . If you then, who are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father who is in heaven give good things to those who ask him?"

God the Father does not give the stone of extinction to his children when they ask universally for the bread of eternal life. God the Father does not let his children drown in the death of nothingness when they reach out their hands to him in longing for life. If Jesus, the best man that ever lived, was fooled—if the Creator has tricked six thousand generations of Christians who have died in the faith of Christ—then how can we trust the reason, the logic, the justice which are in our own minds? But daily we do trust these. We have to trust them if we are to live this life. And the more faithfully we do trust the highest that we know, the more firmly we feel that God keeps faith with us.

From Belief to Trust

Christ deepens belief into trust. We cannot argue our way from belief to trust. We must live our way. This is what Christ helps us to do. He said: "If any man's will is to do his (God's) will, he shall know whether the teaching is from God or whether I am speaking on my own authority."

When Jesus began his ministry, he said to two men who were watching him, "Come and see." Those who did come to see learned to trust him in the ways of the world. Then, when he came to the end of his earthly journey, he saw his followers looking wistfully toward the shore of the unseen, and he implied that, since they had trusted him in his earthly course, they should now trust him for the unseen. He said: "Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? . . . that where I am you may be also." When men learn to trust Christ in the things they can see, they are predisposed to trust him for what lies beyond. He did not try to argue. It was again the old invitation: "Come and see."

Then we watch him as he went ahead. Jesus did not prepare for death as does a man getting ready for retirement, but rather as one preparing for a larger work. He just seemed to take it for granted, as a step through a door to another room in his Father's house. He had no tears of farewell. He was not like Aras, the warrior king in the ancient Greek tragedy, who passed out with a pathetic lament "for the light of golden day" and "the sacred land that was my home." Jesus left the world not as if the light of day were behind him and the shadow of night were ahead. Christ went as one walking into the dawn.

Goethe, in his famous letter to Eckermann, testified: "When a man is as old as I am, he is bound occasionally to think about death. In my case this thought leaves me in perfect peace, for I have a firm conviction that our spirit is a being indestructible by nature. It works from eternity to eternity; it is like a sun which only seems to set, but in truth never sets but shines on unceasingly."

Abolishing Death

That statement is pretty convincing and quite comforting. But Christ goes Goethe far better. He was not old like Goethe and forced to think about death. He was young. Yet he chose death when he could have escaped it. He faced death as a gallant young sportsman, saying, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

When we see how he lived and loved and died; when we watch his face, dimmed by no shadow of fear as he approached the cross; when we see how he entered the grave as well as how he triumphed over it; when we let the resurrection stories steal over our minds with all the sincerity and artlessness of their telling, we can understand why another, who never saw Christ in the flesh so felt the whole impact of his life that he could say his "Savior Christ Jesus . . . abolished death and brought life and immortality to light."

Furthermore, Christ brought not only the *conviction* of immortality to light but also the *conception* of it. While primitive man believed in

The Pulpit for April, 1953. Volume XXIV, Number 4. Published monthly by the Christian Century Foundation, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill. Telephone HArrison 7-5380. Price this issue: 30 cents; $3 a year in U. S. A. and Canada. Foreign $3.35. Copyrighted 1953 by Christian Century Foundation. Entered as second-class matter May 14, 1942 in Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

immortality, his concept of it was pretty ghastly, and sometimes ghostly. Among some there was fear of the dead. The living were often oppressed by the fear that the dead might return. Men used charms to ward off intruders from the spirit world. Sacrifices and offerings were relied upon to keep the dead content in the abode of the spirits.

The Greeks were too intelligent to accept the bizarre pictures of the beyond as held by more primitive people. Hence they reduced the region of the departed to a shadowy and bloodless realm. Homer pictures life in the abode of King Hades as hardly worthy the name. There were the Elysian fields reserved for rare spirits. But Greek thought left the picture of immortality without much appeal.

Pictures of the Hereafter

Nor did the Old Testament Hebrews make the prospect very alluring. The Psalmist speaks of "those who go down to the Pit," and to Job it was a "land of gloom and deep darkness."

How commonly we express pity for someone who has passed away. "Poor Mary," we say. "How sad it was that she died so young and missed all this."

Of course, a certain love of life is normal and necessary. Otherwise we would not struggle to do the work of this world. We would not bear the ills that flesh is heir to, but just walk out on the world. Yet if we catch the spirit of Christ, we keep the will to live in this world and at the same time get a wholesome, appealing concept of the next world.

Our dread of death is due to the fear of loss rather than the fear of pain. We live so immersed in the material things of this world that we cannot imagine a life worth while without them. Knowing that we cannot take this earthly environment with us, we look upon the hereafter as empty and unreal. We cannot adequately describe a spiritual realm in our language, for our words are descriptive of physical concepts. So we have pictured heaven in negative terms. We say there will be no night there, no weeping, no pain. And we have resorted to absurd imagery of golden streets and pearly gates to fit our ideas of attractiveness.

One of our deepest needs is to get back to a clearer view of the kind of future life which Christ taught. The traditional pictures of the hereafter, as reflected in some hymns and sermons, make it hard for intelligent persons to believe in heaven or to desire it. When we get a better idea of the *quality* of immortal life, we have a stronger faith in the *fact* of it.

Jesus did not indulge in any detailed description of the future life. He said, "When I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also." Thus we are led to think of it as the kind of place Christ would prepare as a home for himself and his followers.

Believing that, we can project some pictures of the hereafter. Since Christ loved beauty, we can believe that there will be *beauty* yonder. Since Christ, the teacher, said, "You will know the truth, and the truth will make you free," we believe that heaven is a place where we shall know the *truth* about ourselves, about the mysteries and misfortunes which now puzzle us; where we shall see not "in a mirror dimly, but then face to face"; where we shall be known for what we really are; where we shall be judged by our character and not by our reputation.

We can assume that *justice* will prevail yonder. There the wrongs of earth will be righted. There the brave young lads who were cut off by war will have a chance to grow and develop. And if there is justice, there will inevitably be *judgment.* The fiery aspects of hell have been taken from pagan sources and not from Christ's teaching. Since God is a Father, we can hardly believe in unending torture. But God chastens those he loves, and there will be redemptive punishment. As Dean Lynn Harold Hough has said, "Hell is the absence of God." If we have not learned to like godly things, we shall not be able to enjoy the place where God and Christ are. We need not think of heaven "up there" and hell "down there," for spatial divisions mean nothing to spirits. Spirits can be separated in hellish fashion even in the same place. There is a pain of loss even more poignant than the pain of sense, and judgment will involve the pain of loss.

Since God is love and Christ craved comrades, we can believe that there will be *fellowship.* It could not be heaven if our loved ones are not there. We can understand the love back of the Yorkshire collier's prayer. His son had gone wrong, and the collier prayed: "O God, send me to hell if you like, but give me my son." Will God's love be less than that?

Eternal Fellowship

I believe we shall know our loved ones better in the spirit realm than here. A widow who had come so bravely through the loss of her beloved husband was asked the secret of her courage. Listen to her answer: "Here's one thing that has been a great joy to me. I know him better than I ever knew him before. It's not just that the daily preoccupations and absorptions and all the little rough edges that everybody has keep us from fully knowing each other while we are alive, here, together. It's partly that, but it's something else, too. It's that you are too close to the picture, you don't see the whole one, the details occupy you too much. And the canvas isn't complete anyway. Death completes it. You step back from the picture then, you see it as a whole, and you find beauties in it that escaped you when you were so near it, when it was in the making."

I believe we shall have fellowship with many who are here fenced off from us by national differences and by ecclesiastical divisions. When we confront the universal fact of death with the universal Christian hope, it would be heart-warming and soul-inspiring if all Christians—both Roman Catholics and Protestants—could celebrate together in some giant union service. Can we look

forward to the possibility of such unity? If not in this world, then how about the next?

I believe with Frederick W. Faber—and Faber was a Roman Catholic—that "the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind." Therefore, I believe also that heaven will have no place for some of earth's exclusive ecclesiastical fences.

And I believe there will be *growth* in the next life. Continuance of life without work and growth and adventure would be intolerable. There must be "something ever more about to be." As Tennyson said of "The Wages of Virtue":

> She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
> To rest in a golden grave, or to bask in a summer sky;
> Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

Up at Dartmouth College there is a building called Dick Hall's house, erected in memory of a lad who died in 1917. In the house is a book with a famous inscription written by another father who had lost a boy. From the pen of Calvin Coolidge are these words: "To Edward K. Hall: In recollection of his son and my son, who have the privilege by the grace of God to be boys through all eternity."

That inscription raises some questions. Will the loved ones we knew here as boys and babies still be boys and babies yonder? We do not presume to say. We are content with the assurance given centuries ago: "Beloved, we are God's children now; it does not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he appears we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

HEARING GOD SPEAK

A Children's Sermon by Lorne J. Henry

SOME years ago a great scientist got the idea that sounds of various kinds—instrumental music, singing, speeches—could be sent out into the air and could then be picked out of the air again 50, 100 or 1,000 miles away. This idea gave us the radio.

As you know, there are many programs going on in this church auditorium this morning, but we don't hear them. We are not tuned in to them. Even if we had a score of radios here we wouldn't hear these various sounds unless we were tuned in. If we were tuned in, we might hear another church service, a news broadcast or a concert.

Now let us leave this age of the radio, and travel back in history over many centuries to a man named Moses who was taking care of his herd of cattle on a hillside to the east of Egypt. He had been born of Hebrew parents in Egypt, but had made his escape from that country. He knew that many of his countrymen were still living there and that life for them was desperately hard. He often thought about their hardships and felt genuinely sorry for them. He probably prayed for them frequently. This day as he watched his herd he heard God speaking to him and telling him to go back to Egypt; to organize his countrymen and bring them to a new homeland. Now it is probable that Moses' cattle heard no unusual sounds that day as they grazed. Apparently the Midianite herdsmen who were tending their flocks near by heard nothing. God was speaking, but only Moses heard, and he heard because he only was tuned in to hear the voice of God.

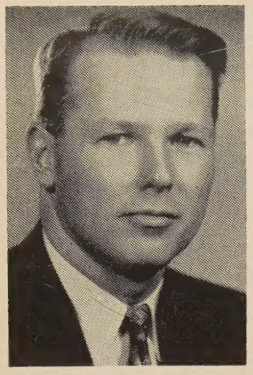
LORNE J. HENRY, a graduate of Union Theological Seminary, New York, is now engaged in educational work in Toronto. This sermon was used as part of an anniversary service in the United Church of Elizabethville, Ont.

Now let us travel in imagination across the centuries again, and come down nearer to our own. We arrive at a time when a few families were coming into this community, the first to make their homes here. They built houses for themselves and stables for their few animals. Then they said among themselves, "We should have another building, one where we could meet together on Sundays to tune in to God." They didn't use that term, because it was in the days before the radio was invented, but that's what they meant. They knew that it would be easier to hear God speaking to them when they met together for that purpose.

When one year had gone by since they opened their church, they decided that they should mark that anniversary in a special way. Such celebrations have been kept up across the years since, and today we are celebrating another of those anniversaries. That is fitting and proper, for the life of any community finds a milestone in the opening of a church—a place where men and women, and boys and girls can join together in public worship to tune in to God.

Having tuned in to him on Sunday, we are more likely to keep tuned in during the rest of the week. Then when we sit down to a meal which contains food from the ends of the earth, we think of God's goodness and care for us; when we view a sunset or a forest aglow with autumn colors, we think of the glory of God; and when we go about our daily tasks in the home or the school, we think of them as God's work.

Jesus had something to say on this subject on one occasion. For obvious reasons, he didn't use the illustration of the radio. He pictured one's life as a house with a door which might be opened or closed. And he said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any one hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in."



The Day of Resurrection

By C. Umhau Wolf

Psalm 118:14-24.

IT IS almost midnight in the city of the gods, called Athens. In the darkened streets the people are carrying unlighted tapers; in the still of the night voice speaks with voice, whisper re-echoes whisper. Within all there is a feeling of deep emotion, for it is the end of Black Saturday.

As the hour of midnight draws closer, the crowds increase in every street, byway and square. Men stumble hesitatingly over the marble cobblestones. Women and children, curious, are carried along in the surging mass. We too seem to be drawn toward the great public square upon which the oriental basilica stands.

Approaching the church, we hear the murmur of a sea. Surely, the distant surf cannot be heard in the center of Athens! Nearer, nearer, and yet nearer the crowd bears us toward the dome. We begin to recognize the voices of chanting men. Their monotonous intonations serve as a magnet to the people in all the streets.

Before we know it, we are out on the public square. Directly before us is the church, its dome standing out against the midnight sky. In the silvery half-light of tht Passover moon, we distinguish white-robed priests on the steps of the church. From these lips there comes the sonorous chant. We pause and listen. "Kyrie Eleison; Kyrie Eleison: O Lord, have mercy upon us; Christ, have mercy upon us."

In the midst of the priests stands the bishop with his mitred head and his brilliant garments, distinguishing him from the plain white of the priests and deacons. The chant drones persistently on, "Kyrie Eleison: Christ, have mercy upon us; Lord, have mercy upon us and grant us peace."

Now the hour is come. It is midnight. A young deacon runs up to the bishop and announces the time of the night. A cannon's boom is heard. A golden cross is elevated over the head of the bishop. Before us we see the glorified cross shining with celestial radiance. The bishop shouts. What is he saying? "Christos Anesti, Christos Anesti, Christ is Risen, Christ is Risen."

Immediately the cry is taken up by the voices in the square. "Christ is Risen, Christ is Risen." A thousand times ten thousand are the echoes to the glorious shouts of Easter victory. Around the public square, down the streets, into the alleys and lanes of the city resounds the theme, "Christos Anesti, Christ is Risen, Hallelujah."

Days of Rejoicing

The people greet one another with the kiss of peace. Peace and brotherhood reign for the day. At the height of the cry, a blaze of light bursts from the darkness. Priests and people have lighted their tapers, turning the midnight to the brightness of noon. Cannons roar, candles gleam, drums roll, the crowd exults. All are filled with triumphant holy joy. Christ is risen, he is risen indeed, Hallelujah. This is the day which the Lord has made, we shall rejoice and be glad in it. As one voice, the whole city sings the ancient Greek hymn:

> The day of resurrection, earth tell it out abroad
> The Passover of gladness, the Passover of God!

Such is the custom of the Greek church as it expresses in liturgical worship the joy of Easter. We would recapture such a spirit for ourselves. This is the day which the Lord has made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Now there are many days which make a man's heart rejoice. First, we note the joy of a couple as they leave the altar of the Lord on their wedding day. Later, it is observed that "When a woman is in travail she has sorrow, because her hour has come; but when she is delivered of the child, she no longer remembers the anguish, for joy that a child is born into the world." Then the day of presentation before the congregation of the Lord and baptism becomes one of joy for the parents. There follow the first birthday, the first day of school, the anxious anticipation of growing up,

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graduation, the first pay check and, perhaps, the return of the soldier from war. Many are the days in which we can rejoice in the course of our affairs.

Similarly, there were many days in the history of Israel on which rejoicing was in order. The Exodus was celebrated by the Feast of the Passover. The first verse of our text is a quotation from the song of Moses and Miriam. Standing beside the sea, beyond Egypt, the triumphant people of God sang, "The Lord is my strength and song, he has become my salvation." For Moses and the Israelites, salvation was no theological theory but a dramatic deliverance and victory. In the upper room, Jesus and his disciples sang this Psalm as for the Passover service. "This is the day which the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it."

The deliverance from Egypt was only a shadow of the greater and more perfect deliverance made by God through Christ. This Psalm is the one most often quoted in the New Testament, because it was considered so applicable to Jesus. It is said that Luther called this his own Psalm and had the theme verse painted on his study wall. The Day of Resurrection is the day of all days. It is the Lord's day par excellence. This day, the Day of Resurrection, Easter day is the day which the Lord hath made.

Christ was crucified by men on Good Friday. On Saturday the disciples, fearful men that they were, hid themselves behind locked doors. Early on Sunday morning the distraught women wearily made their way to the tomb to anoint Jesus' body, buried in such haste on the eve of the Sabbath. They expected the guards or the gardener to help them roll away the stone. But there were no guards. The stone had been rolled away. The human seal had been broken. In place of guards were angels. Instead of a seal of human power there was the stamp of divine approval upon the Risen Christ. "He has risen, he is not here; see the place where they laid him."

The Stamp of Divinity

The women and the disciples were slow to comprehend, but the truth was final. Men put Jesus to death, but God brought him forth victorious. Peter, remembering his first Easter, testified: "They put him to death . . .; but God raised him."

Lift up your head ye sorrowing one and be ye glad at heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's blackest day and whitest day
Were just three days apart.[1]

For almost two thousand years the Christian Church has worshiped the risen Christ as victorious Savior. For almost as long it has worshiped on Sunday instead of Saturday, to commemorate the resurrection every week. "This is the day the Lord has made."

He has made it for all who believe. It was not made by the faith of the disciples. It made their faith. Christmas is a family festival, but Easter is a personal feast. Moses and the Psalmist emphasized the first person: "The Lord is *my* strength and . . . he has become *my* salvation." Unless faith in the open tomb and risen Christ is personal, all our flocking by the thousands to the church is meaningless. The resurrection is a fact as clearly established as any other in antiquity. Believe the testimony of the angels, the women, the eleven, the crusading Church through the ages, the power of Christ today over the hearts of man.

How is it proved? It isn't proved you fool! It can't be proved.
How can you prove a victory before it is won?
How can you prove a man who leads to be a leader worth the following,
Unless you follow to the death, and out beyond mere death,
Which is not anything but Satan's lie upon eternal life?[2]

Rejoice and be glad in this day. Rejoice in the victory and hope it brings. From ancient times until now the paeans of praise have been offered on every occasion of military victory or political success. The victorious return of a Caesar was greeted by the Romans with festivity and rejoicing. Israel's holy days frequently included a triumphal march into Zion and the temple. Moffatt translated verse 15, "Hark the joyful shout of triumph in the tents of the just. The Eternal's right hand carries the day." Easter is the Christian's day of victory. Christ has triumphed. He has delivered us from the fear of death and the bondage of self. Christ lives and reigns. We are saved. He dramatically brought us up from death to life, from darkness to light. This is the day which the Lord has made; we will rejoice and be glad in its victory.

The Power of the Risen Christ

Christ lives and his victory is for us over all sin. He now lives at the right hand of the Father, but even more so in the hearts and lives of the faithful. Before the resurrection, steeped in sin, bogged down by selfishness, man only stirred up a greater morass by his efforts to free himself. But since Christ has conquered self, we look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwells righteousness. The Psalmist pleads, "Open to me the gates of righteousness, that I may enter through them and give thanks to the Lord." Moffatt translates, "Open to me the gates of victory." When Christ died on Friday, the veil to the temple was rent in twain; when he arose, the middle wall of partition had been removed. We have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ.

In the lives of Christians, the power of the Lord dominates. God's powers for good are available to all who will accept them. Proud selfishness gives way to sacrificing love. Loneliness and fear are dissipated by the tidings, "Do not be afraid. . . . He is not here." By the power of the risen Christ, we can crucify our flesh with all its passions and

[1] From "Calvary and Easter," anon., in Cynthia Maus (ed.): *Christ and the Fine Arts* (New York: Harper & Bros.), p. 444. Used by permission.

[2] From *Unutterable Beauty*, by G. A. Studdert-Kennedy. Copyright by Harper & Bros. Used by permission.

lusts. Even when we fail and come short, we may be confident that his righteousness becomes our glory and spotless dress. Paul, in the Resurrection chapter of I Corinthians 15, having described the glories of the resurrection, ends the chapter: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that in the Lord your labor is not in vain." Therefore—because Christ is risen—live in newness of life. Because Christ loved you and gave himself for you, you ought also to love one another. Surely this is the day the Lord has made; we shall rejoice and be glad in the victory over self.

The foundation of the Church is laid on the risen Savior. Without the resurrection story, the Gospels would be a poor substitute for biography. Without the resurrection, the Beatitudes would become pious platitudes. Without the resurrection, the parables and sermons of Jesus would be just so much more unheeded advice.

Have you, my friend, accepted the Lord or rejected him? Are you active in his continuing Church or are you an Easter lily? The hope of the world is in the Christ and in his Church. The glorified cross, the risen Savior are the means to fulfill the dreams of all. The early Church had a slogan, "In this sign we conquer." Through the ages the Church has had the promise of its Lord, "The powers of death shall not prevail against it."

On this Easter Day, all who would serve their fellow men must seek to serve through the Church of Jesus Christ. Here is the hope of the world. This is the day which the Lord has made; we will rejoice and be glad in the victory over the world.

Men have always feared death. Everywhere religions have developed to satisfy man's instinctive longing for eternal life. Someone has said, "Before the resurrection, eternal life seemed too good to be true. After the resurrection it is too good not to be true." The Psalmist was quite confident, "I shall not die, but I shall live." We may be chastened sore, but we will not be forsaken by God as we go down the valley of the deep shadows. Paul reminds us: "If in this life we who are in Christ have only hope, we are of all men most to be pitied. But in fact Christ has been raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have fallen asleep. For as by a man came death, by a man has come also the resurrection of the dead." Because Christ lives, we too shall live.

Titles and Texts

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

L. W. Hauter, First Presbyterian, Oelwein, Iowa. "Raised Iron Curtains." Luke 12:3 (Goodspeed)—*What you whisper in someone's ear, behind closed doors, will be proclaimed.*

Andrew Perrin Burton, First Baptist, Rensselaer, N. Y. "A Cure for Discouragement." I Kings 19:11—*And he said, go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord.*

Melvin Miller, St. Paul's Evangelical and Reformed, Warren, Mich. "Preface to Life." James 4:15 (J. B. Phillips)—*Your remarks should be prefaced with, "If it is the Lord's will, we shall still be alive and will do so-and-so."*

Harry E. Corbin, First Methodist, Gideon, Mo. "The Voice of Experience." Is. 30:21—*And your ears shall hear a word behind you, saying, "This is the way, walk in it."*

Harvey G. Quandt, Bayard-Greenbrier Methodist, Bayard, Iowa. "Why the Philippian Church Was Great." Phil. 4:14—*Yet it was kind of you to share my trouble.*

William I. Newman, Bethany Congregational, Los Angeles, Calif. "Spiritual Timesaving." Col. 4:5—*Conduct yourselves wisely toward outsiders, making the most of the time.*

Thomas Roy Pendell, Christ Church by the Sea, Methodist, Newport Beach, Calif. "Your Tackle Hangs Loose!" Isa. 33:23—

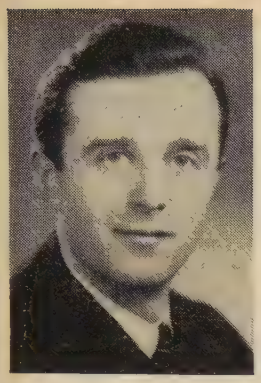
> *Your tackle hangs loose;*
> *it cannot hold the mast firm in its place,*
> *or keep the sail spread out.*

Graham R. Hodges, First Congregational, Ticonderoga, N. Y. "Today's Problems and the Living God." Isa. 8:19 (Moffatt)—*When they tell you to consult mediums that cheep and gibber in low murmurs ask them if a nation should not consult its god. Say: Why consult the dead . . . consult the message and the counsel of God.*

Donald N. Lindgren, First Congregational, Genoa, Neb. "The Greatest Thrill in the World" (Finding Jesus). John 1:45—*We have found him.*

E. Carroll Condict, Burma Baptist Mission, Thayetymo, Burma. "The First Appeal to the Supreme Court." Gen. 4:13—*Cain said to the Lord, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."*

John W. McKelvey, Lansdowne Methodist, Lansdowne, Pa. "Land of Righteousness." II Peter 3:13—*But according to his promise we wait for new heavens and a new earth in which righteousness dwells.*



Life's Emmaus Roads

By Harrison Davis

Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us on the road? Luke 24:32.

I AM sorry to report that there is evidence of masculine prejudice in the writing of the resurrection story by Luke. He goes out of his way to say that it was "the *women* who came with him from Galilee" who arrived at dawn at the tomb of the Savior with spices to anoint his body. "It was *Mary Magdalene* and *Joanna* and *Mary* the *mother* of James and other *women*" who "found the stone rolled away from the tomb" and who when "they went in . . . did not find the body." They were the ones who ran to the eleven disciples in the upper room and, pointing back to the garden, joyfully shouted: "He is not there! He is risen!"

The disciples shook their heads in amazement. Their first reaction to the resurrection was unbelief. Were the words of these women any more than an "idle tale"? "Then arose Peter, and ran to the sepulchre." There's a man for you! He got up to investigate and to prove them wrong.

But to their complete surprise he came back stammering that it could be true. "He was wondering to himself," the Bible says, as he walked in on his male companions in the upper room. This may be a way of saying that he was not yet convinced of the resurrection. To me this adds an authentic touch to the historic record of that first Easter. It tells us that the truth of it dawned slowly in the minds of the disciples. So tremendous a concept as immortality is not comprehended in a moment.

The men in our story needed further confirmation of the resurrection before they gave it credence. This they received from two travelers on the Emmaus road who had met up with a stranger. The men—the name of only one, Cleopas, is given—were outward bound from Jerusalem. The three sad days were not quite ended, and the men were in a doldrum of despair because of the crucifixion of their Lord. The stranger tried to push them off the dead center of defeat by reminding them of the Scriptures which predicted that Christ must suffer before he enters into his glory.

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It was late afternoon on the hot dusty highway. The sun was sinking, but the torrid heat remained. The pleasant shelter of the Emmaus road inn came to view. The same thought struck the two friends as they realized they wanted to hear more of what this unidentified stranger was saying. A bite to eat, that would do it! "Stay with us," they asked him, "for it is toward evening and the day is now far spent."

A few moments of quiet passed in the cool shadows of the inn while they waited for their dinner. When it came, the stranger stood, lifting his loaf of bread in thanksgiving. "They recognized him," but never would they know what told them—the prayer, its words or spirit, the inflection of his voice, a familiar gesture of the hand. One of these or their combination rang a bell in the cemetery of their despair—a bell that "tolled the knell of the parting day" of death and then pealed forth the dawn of resurrection-morn! Christ, their crucified Savior, was risen from the dead! He was here! "Their eyes were opened and they recognized him." It was only then that "he vanished out of their sight."

'Abide with Us'

In Jean-Paul Sartre's novel, *Troubled Sleep,* the French prisoners in the Nazi concentration camp forget their sorrows over the defeat of their beloved country in the hours of twilight. They sit around in the gathering dusk, almost like a family at the close of the day, talking in hushed voices, a few singing. Sartre speaks of them in understanding pity: "How they love the night!"

So with the two in Emmaus inn: "How they love the night!" That night! No longer are they prisoners of death. Defeat has not fallen finally across their Lord. He is above death and defeat. Nor is this a dream of "troubled sleep" which the dawn's cruel light will disintegrate. He is risen indeed. He is before them. Easter dawns, though belatedly, in their masculine souls as it had earlier for Mary Magdalene, Joanna and the other women.

> Silent night, holy night,
> All is calm, all is bright . . . .
> Silent night, holy night,
> Darkness flies, all is light.

As it was in the birth of Jesus, so it is now in the resurrection of Christ. "How they love the night!"

As they sit in the half-darkness of the inn, too excited to eat the dinner before them, they recall their afternoon's walk along the Emmaus road with the One they thought to be a stranger. "Why didn't we know it was he then?" they ask one another. "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked to us on the road?"

Burning Hearts

As they talk in the growing dark, we recognize them as colleagues of the spirit, for the reason that *we are closer to the Emmaus road than we are to the garden of resurrection.* The scene of the resurrection is a rarefied climate. We do not all have the spiritual sensitiveness of a Mary Magdalene who, weeping in the garden, heard the Savior call her by name. Nor do we all have the spiritual assertiveness of a Peter who dashed through the garden into the tomb. For most of us the garden of the resurrection is a holy of holies. This is where Christ overcame death and sin. This is the place of the chief mystery of our faith, which no amount of human wisdom can explain. Here, we say, our faith began. Here the impenetrable wall of death was breached with an opening to the heavenly heights. Here a moment ago it was *Miserere* (God, pity us) ; now it is *Hallelujah!* (Praise ye, Lord). To all but the most undiscerning, the Savior in the garden of resurrection is beyond our ordinary reach.

There *are* those who see him face to face. Their purity is such that they see him. Their faith is such that they are quite out of this world when they are with him. Their conversation is in heaven. They are the mystics. Their hearts tell them things about God which their reason cannot justify. They are one with God. They know him in the garden of his resurrection.

One such who knew him was the Apostle Paul. On the road to Damascus, the thin-lipped persecutor of the Christians had a vision of Christ. To King Agrippa he reported: "At midday, O king, I saw on the way a light from heaven, brighter than the sun, shining around me and . . . I heard a voice saying . . . 'Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me? . . . I am Jesus.'" The glory of that vision which led to his conversion, Paul never forgot. Fourteen years later he was still talking about it. "Caught up into Paradise," as he expressed it, he knew him in the garden of his resurrection although he never knew him in the flesh.

A Companion for Life's Traffic

We feel very humble before these apostles, saints, and heroes of our faith. For them religion was an intense inner experience, with complete unity of will between them and their Lord. Not so with us! Would to God we could reach their state of grace! At least we can feel about them as G. K. Chesterton did about climbing the Matterhorn. "If a dozen honest men," he wrote, "tell me that they have climbed the Matterhorn, I am satisfied that the summit of that mountain is accessible, though I may never get there myself."

Chesterton's confession is our confession, and explains why we are closer to the Emmaus road than we are to the garden of resurrection. The Emmaus road is the highway most of us travel. The climate there is not rarefied. There's dust on the road and the heat is on. We have our aching despairs, our desolating sorrows, our crucified hopes. Thank heaven, in spite of our lack of vision, there is a Companion for our needs in that heavy traffic. We are not saints or heroes—just average men and women. All that we ask is that he travel with us along the way.

And surely he does! When we've struggled through an alluring temptation, there's a pat on our shoulder—from a hand none other than his. Glamour draws us off toward another temptation, but conscience rings its bell of warning. Who but he stirs our conscience? There's the humble prayerfulness that follows the news that mother and baby are doing nicely, thank you! There's the steadfast faith, desperately clung to, when they are not. At such times, something within us whispers, "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us on the road?" I suspect that he himself loves the Emmaus road because he finds most of us there.

Don't fret, therefore, if your religious faith doesn't land you with the saints in the garden of resurrection. Let him join you on your Emmaus road, dusty and sun-blighted as it may be. Take him as he comes, in the guise of a stranger if need be. But move over and give him room on your road, and give him quiet while he talks to you.

Mid all the traffic of the ways,
Turmoils without, within—
Make in my heart a quiet place,
And come and dwell therein.

That's about the best I can ask of my Savior: to have him walk with me along the way. An Easter good for all the year and all of life is one that finds him standing among us in his risen power on our common days. That will do until the uncommon days of the life to come when we shall see him face to face.

Thou Who Knowest

Thou who knowest all my dreams
Who seest them rise, scintillating, many hued,
Turning their gleaming pictures one by one
Before the imaging eye, then burst;
Thou who seest all my failures:
Self-indulged desire that seeks and finds excuse
For what it does, and finding,
Makes a rutted, circled path to nowhere;
Petty temper that childlike, strikes,
And childlike, still, will not admit its childishness;
Indolence that, sluggish, only moves
When that is threatened on which its sluggard life depends;
Oh, loose me from these bonds!
Grant awakening pain, disturbing chastisement,
The stimulus of strife.

CLAYTON OBERG.

The Devil and the H-Bomb

By Donald Harrington

WELL, my friends, we Americans have done it! We've made the hell bomb.. To prove it we've exploded one of them far out in the Pacific, and have been blown, all of us, though many of us do not yet seem to realize it, into a new age, an age which may well prove to be the last age for *homo sapiens*. I am in a grim mood at the thought of this event, and I cannot find it in my conscience to speak comfortingly to you this morning.

It was more than 3 years ago, on January 31, 1950, that President Truman announced his decision to make the hell-bomb. I well remember how acutely distressed I was. I could not eat, and did not for a week, nor could I sleep. I preached on the subject "Should We Make the Hell Bomb?" on February 14, 1950, and said: "To do so is not only morally wrong; it is morally hideous. The bomb would destroy on an absolutely unprecedented scale what is precious to God. It is an instrument of total murder that we would create. . . . No generation can break the moral law with impunity. If we do not now turn to righteousness and trust its power, I believe, as God leads me, that all is lost. We shall be destroyed, root and branch and all, and not return. Our little ones shall never grow to manhood fine nor womanhood beautiful. Our cities shall be wrecked, our land seared. Perhaps a thousand years from now a better race will wonder what madness possessed us and drove us to destroy a world so lovely." The intervening years have not led me to wish to take back or alter a single word.

On an afternoon when the announcements of the exploding of the first hydrogen bomb came through, I sat down at my desk to try to pull together my thoughts and feelings on what was happening to us all. I read and reread the scientific descriptions of the hell bomb. It was a dark, depressing afternoon, made more miserable by a monotonous drizzle of rain. The facts about the hydrogen bomb were in no way reassuring.

The hydrogen explosion is a process of fusion as compared with fission in the now-outmoded uranium bomb. The fusion process is identical with that which takes place in the sun; it releases enormous amounts of heat, light and energy.

Whereas uranium is the rarest of elements in the universe, hydrogen is the most common. Ninety-nine per cent of all the matter in the universe consists of hydrogen and its fusion by-product helium. Thus the material for making hydrogen bombs is virtually endlessly available.

Heavy hydrogen, the principal component of the hydrogen bomb, is not difficult to manufacture. There are two types necessary: heavy hydrogen, which is relatively easy to produce, and lesser amounts of extra-heavy hydrogen, which is considerably harder to produce, at least at the moment. But it seems clear that the material for hydrogen bombs is virtually endless, and undoubtedly soon will be available in large quantities.

So Gruesome as to Seem Unreal

Whereas the uranium bomb was limited in size by the amount of fissionable material which could be stored together without the explosion automatically taking place, there is virtually no limit on the size of the hydrogen bomb. It has been called an "open-ended" bomb, meaning that you can make it bigger and bigger by the simple process of adding material. Explosions 1,000 times the power of those at Hiroshima and Nagasaki are thought to be not far before us in the future.

A few years ago, one physicist, who questioned our going ahead with the hydrogen bomb, suggested that a bomb of 1,000 tons of deuterium (heavy hydrogen), equal in power to 1 million Hiroshima bombs, might be sunk some day in a ship or submarine off our west coast. Exploded, it would fill the winds from the west with radioactive mist and in a single explosion thus threaten life throughout most of the United States.

The most terrible implications were in an article by Stewart Alsop and Dr. Ralph Lapp in the *Saturday Evening Post*. They explained that, when a hydrogen bomb is detonated, it sends out neutrons which convert the nitrogen of the air into a gas containing a radioactive substance called Carbon-14. This stuff would enter our bodies through the air we breathe, the water we drink and the food we eat. Enough of it, the authors pointed out, might result in universal sterility or even a generation of monsters, though physicists

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disagree on the amount needed to produce this sterilizing effect, and some dismiss the danger as "very remote." The cumulative effect of one war's quota of hydrogen bombs added to the next war's quota, the authors warn, might bring fulfillment of the biblical threat of "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children and the children's children, to the third and fourth generation."

What this really means is that already you and I and everyone in the world are eating, drinking, breathing extremely minute quantities of Carbon-14. The first of the bombs has been burst. Now it is clearly not dangerous yet, but how many bombs shall we allow to be built and burst before we, the people of the world, call a halt. How many? Perhaps that is the great question before every human being in the world today.

As I was thinking about these facts, there came to my mind a poem that I had read many years ago by Stephen Vincent Benet, called "Nightmare for Future Reference." I pulled down the book from my shelves to look back and see exactly what he had said. There I found reference to this thing that has now become a possibility, in that strange poem which predicted with mystic insight: "But, you see, there aren't any children. They aren't born."

Icy Fear

As I sat in my study thinking these terrible thoughts, a hand of icy fear seemed to clutch at my heart, the same kind of fear as that of an animal caught in a relentless trap. I felt somehow overcome by forces too immeasurable, too monstrous for me to manage. Yes, I thought, the hell bomb may well destroy our cities, our families, perhaps even human life itself, but haven't we got to make it? We know the Russians are making it. We shall need it to defend ourselves, to deter aggression, to preserve liberty. But underneath this thought there came the old, tired voice of the scientist, "There aren't any children. They aren't born any more."

Then I thought again, the Russians have no regard for human life. One of their leaders once said that it would not matter if two thirds of the human race perished so long as the remaining third was communist. Must we not arm ourselves to the teeth against that? Still there came the tired voice of the old scientist. "There aren't any children. They aren't born any more."

And I thought again, some of our leaders believe that the atom bomb has prevented World War III, by maintaining the power balance and discouraging aggression, by making it too costly; though it is true that others believe that Hiroshima so frightened the Russians as to make World War III inevitable. Still I heard the annoying voice of the scientist underneath. "There aren't any children. They aren't born any more."

And I thought in some despair, but what can I do about it? Whether we like it or not, it has been made. It can never be unmade. It has been exploded and can never be unexploded. Why should I torture myself? Still the voice persisted underneath. "There aren't any children. They aren't born any more."

Well, as I tried to jot these feelings down, my pen racing over the paper to keep up with my thoughts, suddenly I was stopped short by a big blob of black ink which rolled off my pen, shutting off the path of my writing. Higher and higher it grew; the black shape rose until it stood off from my desk, its evil presence towering from the floor to the very ceiling itself, and slowly there appeared, almost like the face of the Cheshire Cat in Alice in Wonderland, a horrid, leering face in the mushrooming top of the black cloud, and a voice spoke in hard, grinding, cruel tones.

The Prince of Darkness

Now I am not a superstitious man. I know that the phenomena of the outer world and of our inner human nature have natural causes which can be explained. I do not believe in a devil, or satan, or a prince of demons as the source of the world's evils. I do not believe in Luther's "ancient foe," or Christ's "Beelzebub." Yet I say to you that a presence like what men of the past have called the devil confronted me and wrestled with me for my faith and for my life upon that afternoon.

"You don't believe in me," it said.

"I don't think so," I replied, uncertainly, which provoked a long, loud, horrid laugh, sufficient to raise the dead.

"You'd better believe in me," it said. "I'm as old as the world itself. Sometimes I have been strong, sometimes weak. Sometimes I have stalked the earth with fearsome effect, summoned up by famines, plagues and wars, and sometimes I have slumbered and slept. It was I who encouraged the dinosaurs to glory in their strength and size until they could no longer adapt to earth's changing life and thus survive. How I laughed when I saw them, their haughtiness forgotten, searching desperately for a single drop of water during the long drought. It was I who gave the trilobite the hard shell in which it finally found itself imprisoned and perished from the earth. It was I who betrayed the horse into the blind alley of speed and made him forevermore a slave to the more generalized creatures. It was I who encouraged the lion and the gorilla to trust in muscle and in bad temper. Yes, and it was I, way back in the beginning, who first made man suspicious of his fellows and taught him to beat his plowshares into swords and his pruning hooks into spears. It was I who led him down the steep slope, slippery with fear, from spears to bows and arrows, from arrows to gunpowder, to muskets, to cannon, to battleships, to tanks, planes, submarines—and now, my final invention, the atom and the hydrogen bombs.

"Who am I? I am Distrust! I am Fear! I am Hate! I am Anarchy! I am Cruelty! I am War! I am the Prince of Darkness! The King of Terrors! The Devil of Old!"

Here, the twisting, boiling shape grew blacker than ever before, leering, ballooning out over the ceiling until it covered and filled the room, pressing me back into a corner with its hot, damp, evil

touch. The gloating voice dropped to a low hiss. "My secret," it said, "is simple. I make you afraid of your brother man. I make him afraid of you. I make you afraid of your differences, though God knows all men are different and one would think you'd get used to it. I make you jealous of your possessions, especially of those things of which you have more than your fellow men. To protect yourself, you arm. Your arms are a threat to him, so he arms. This makes you more afraid of him, so you arm some more. You invent new weapons; you prepare to strike on a moment's notice, and this makes him more afraid of you, so he does the same; and so it goes.

"More and more fear; more and more hate; more and more arms; more and more fear; more and more hate; more and more arms. Then comes panic. All your differences are wildly exaggerated to whip up hate. To be ready for war, you both begin to do the things the other's propaganda charges you are doing. Liberty is stifled. Good sense is crushed. Fear and hate rule supreme. Then the hour of my triumph comes! It is almost here! You see," he said, "this time for you, it is the end. This time you will wipe each other out, and my work with you will be accomplished."

How shall I describe the panic of fear and futility which overwhelmed me as I heard these words? The evil black presence seemed to have filled the room. It pressed in and in upon me! I turned my head! I could not breathe! There was a whirling, howling blackness that seemed to enfold me! I closed my eyes, for I could not see, and then, as a last resort, in a loud clear voice, I began to pray.

God of All Mankind

"O God, of all mankind, of the Indians, the Russians, the Chinese, the Americans, and all the rest, let me have faith in my fellow men, whoever and wherever they are, as I know that they are thy children. Help me to believe that they will respond to justice with justice, to trust with trust, to love with love. Help me to know that, though sometimes I must disagree with them as to what is true and right, and must oppose those of their ways which I find evil, I can always do so in the spirit of love, good will and peace. I do believe these things, O God! Help thou my unbelief!"

As my words died away, the air seemed to grow a little clearer and, thus encouraged, again I prayed.

"O God of wisdom and truth, let me have faith in the final victory of truth of and by its own great power. Help me to know that truth's power to persuade is greater than any force known to the world—even the hydrogen bomb. Grant me, O God, the conviction that, if wise, fair, equitable solutions to our world's great conflicts are clearly set forth, the people of the world will rally behind them; that, if world peace under world law is clearly, honestly and vigorously proposed, it will sooner or later be accepted. Help me to help make and advance such solutions and to sacrifice for them. I do believe, Lord! Help thou my unbelief!"

This time, as I paused, it seemed almost as though there were a window opened, for a breath of fresh air passed over my brow. Thus encouraged, again I prayed.

"God, give me the deep knowledge that every child of earth is infinitely precious unto thee. Give me the will to share of everything I have with all throughout the world who are in need; to care as deeply when any father's child is hurt or cries aloud in hunger as though she were my own. Help me to move my country to work with others sacrificially, according to her great ability, and with full citizen participation, to meet the outer world's vast, crying need. Lord, I believe in sharing! Help thou my unbelief!"

I began to feel a vast sense of relief. I sank back into my chair. As I looked about, I saw there was still just the faintest gray mist left in the room, and so again I prayed.

The God of Perfect Love

"O Thou who art Love and Love alone, the perfect Love which casteth out fear and hate, help me to love. Help me to break through the hard shell of selfishness and indulgence that has grown up around my heart, and be regardful of all souls near and far. Help me to love my enemies. Help me to love those whose ways I hate. Help me to love those I oppose. Help me to love the communists as myself, knowing them to be still my fellow men, and to seek to find ways to build a safe and decent, law-abiding and secure world community of nations for them and for us all. Help me to believe that it is true that love never faileth. God, give me the courage to dare and the wisdom to find the way to live my love. Lord, I do believe! Help thou my unbelief!"

As I opened my eyes and looked about me, there was nothing left of the foul shape, the evil presence. As a matter of fact, the rain had stopped and the afternoon sun was flooding golden light through my study windows. I suddenly felt a vast sense of good will toward men everywhere, a flooding warmth of heart which reached out from me, radiating in every direction, and a resolution to work harder than ever before at those constructive proposals for world peace under world law which I know could bring an end to our great problems. Of my terrible experience, there was left only a large, dry blot of black ink upon the paper to testify to the reality of my tale.

I thought to myself: of a truth, the devil is not dead. He is stronger and more alive today than ever before. He is the distrust, the fear, the hate within ourselves and the anarchy and lack of generosity in our society that have conjured up these dread weapons which now threaten to destroy human life. He will destroy us with them if we let him, unless we have the courage to do battle and to rid ourselves now and forever of his influence upon us. Our only weapons in this great war are the spiritual ones of faith, courage, intelligence, hope, constructive effort and the perfect love that casteth out all fear.

And the greatest of these is love.

For Those Ready to Quit

By Frank B. Fagerburg

I AM not surprised that so many people quit. The surprising thing to me is that so few people quit. Like a lad who goes on valiantly struggling, with a bully on top of him pommelling and shouting "Are you down?" most people do not quit. God knows many of them have plenty of reasons for giving up. The common, everyday problems are quite sufficient to wither the human spirit—illness, business and moral failures, disappointments, maddening human relations, doubts and griefs. Now to all these common problems are added the tragedy of Korea which has left nobody without some stake in its unspeakable horrors. Beyond even that, it seems that the problems which will follow thc conflict may be even worse.

These things are not what we usually talk about. Yes, there are a few who whine and pity themselves, but most people go quietly on, smiling, holding up their heads, trying to seem brave when their spirits are flagging and their hearts breaking. Behind seemingly carefree fronts there are countless spirits that feel whipped, defeated, wondering how many more years or days or minutes they can hold out. If there is any sane word of comfort and cheer for such people, we had better be speaking that word. Surely, the church is a good place in which to have the word of hope declared.

Some years ago I read a reference to a sermon which John A. Hutton once preached in New York City. I do not have the faintest notion of what he said except for the points he made. A man ready to jump in the river was saved by the preacher's counsel. Dr. Hutton's first simple word of advice was, *Don't give up yet, for anyone can hold out a little longer.*

The runner knows that this is physically true. Over and over again in practice and in the big race he has learned that there are two stages in his experience. First, there is the gradual approach of an almost unendurable fatigue. With dry tongue, gasping lungs, pounding heart and heavy limbs, he is quite sure that, as far as he is concerned, the race is over. At each new lunge forward he becomes more certain that the next must be the last, and he will quit. His strength is spent. But he does not quit; he goes on even when he is quite certain that he cannot. All at once a wonderful thing happens. He gets his "second wind." Like a motor that has exhausted one tank of gasoline and automatically begins to tap a reserve tank, he seems to get a new spurt of energy. He feels now as if he could go on forever.

'Five Minutes Longer'

This common physical phenomenon is but one index to the hidden and often unpredictable resources of human life. A person's feelings are not at all a safe indication of his real abilities. Again Shakespeare was right:

> Our doubts are traitors,
> And make us lose the good we oft might win
> By fearing to attempt.

Like our doubts, our feelings can be and often are traitors. Feelings can be influenced by a sluggish liver, an inactive thyroid gland or just a naturally pessimistic temperament. Feelings are simply outlines of the terrain. Beneath are unseen and amazing deposits and potential seeds.

Just as truly as there is such a thing as "second wind" physically, there is such a thing as "second wind" morally and spiritually. Stories are coming out of this war—and in years ahead thousands more will be told—of lads going on to utterly impossible things both with their bodies and with their morale. Yes, almost anybody can hold out a little longer, and it is that *little longer* that counts big. Emerson once said that a hero is no braver than anyone else; he is only brave five minutes longer.

Countless are the true stories of people who got their "second wind" by holding on and so discovering that they really could go on holding on "five minutes longer." In the "five minutes longer," some of our world's choicest things have been accomplished.

The realm of music and art is replete with such experiences. Some day, perhaps, someone will ex-

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plain why the sweetest things have come out of ground-dragging experiences—the most fragrant lilies from the blackest mud. Every Christmas we thrill to the glorious music of *The Messiah,* that great oratorio with its climactic "Hallelujah Chorus." But in 1741 there was no such oratorio, and Handel was ready to quit. The composer's biographer tells us that his health and his fortunes had reached bottom, with his right side paralyzed and his money gone. Creditors threatened him with imprisonment, and he was tempted to give up. Rebounding, he composed the greatest of his works.

Handel was done, beaten, "washed up," as we say; and yet he was not! He went on a bit longer, and, in that bit longer, our world was immeasurably blessed. It is because of this "bit longer" that Handel is remembered by most music lovers. When you hear the inspiring arias, recitatives, and choruses of *The Messiah* again, remember that they came out of Handel's reserves.

Many of us have been helped by Basil King's volume, *The Conquest of Fear.* Only recently I learned how King earned the right to be the author of such a book. Channing Pollock, who knew him well, relates how King was advised by a doctor that, within a few months, he would succumb to softening of the brain. After that, ill and almost blind, by continuing to write until the day of his death, he produced about forty books, including *The Conquest of Fear.*

I could tell of Henry Irving, the actor, who in the beginning had everything against him. He went on digging in on his reserves. I could relate again the story of John Milton, who for twenty-two years plodded on in blindness, cashing in on his reserves. I could tell the uplifting story of Edward Livingston Trudeau, who, himself a tubercular patient, built the famous Saranac Sanitarium out of his reserves. I could speak of Thomas Carlyle, whose manuscript on the French Revolution was burned after his prodigious labors, and who rewrote the whole tremendous thing out of his reserves. Each one of them learned that he could go on a little longer.

Cultivating Our Hopes

How deceiving these illustrations would be if they should lead us to imagine that, because the people I have mentioned were famous, such an experience is confined to spectacular and unusual people. In your little neighborhood and mine, the same thing is being gloriously re-enacted in unspectacular ways by ordinary people. Somewhere last night, a mother, already dead tired, found unsuspected reserves which enabled her to go on a little longer when, on top of everything else, her child became ill. Somewhere this morning, a wife, already past due for quitting because of her drunken husband, has found love's reserves.

Yes, everyone of us can hold on a little longer. We are human, and human nature is made up that way. By holding on a little longer, somehow, energies are restored and tapped which enable one to hold on yet a little longer.

The second point is this: *We never know what is around the corner.* An English novelist advises us "to cultivate the habit of not looking around the corner." He refers, of course, to the silly ouija board and fortune-teller practice of attempting to learn the specific events that lie ahead for us. But he would, surely, agree that it is good common sense to keep reminding one's self that there is a corner and that quite unimaginably good things lie in wait for us there. Why is it that we so easily cultivate our fears instead of our hopes? Why is it that, alone and in the dark, we do not think of the beneficent forces that may be at work, but fear that each new sound is that of an enemy? Why do we face the future with many apprehensions and few anticipations? True, the past proves that harmful things can happen, but the past proves, too, that wonderful things can happen, and that the wonderful things come in larger number than the harmful things.

Expecting the Unexpected

The realm of science has proven beyond peradventure that around each new corner are new marvels. We do not recover from the wonder of the automobile until the airplane is invented. Scarcely do we become adjusted to the use of telegraph and telephone when radio—and now television—is upon us. What awaits around the corner of tomorrow no man can guess.

Just so, the individual's personality and his social relationships are sown with the seeds of wonderful possibilities. Such strange things are possible that the person is right who insists that one's whole life might be changed by a chance turn down a strange street. Innumerable people could tell that it was by attending such a lecture or party, or by entering such a room, or turning such a corner that life-changing friendships were started, home-building romances begun, career-determining associations formed. Out there somewhere is a situation, a person, a coincidence, a chance (or ought we to say *providential*) contact that will make all life afterwards different.

How little did John Milton, struggling to get on in his new dark world, realize that around the corner were *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained.* As Beethoven faced the maddening restraints of deafness, he could not know that around the corner were the *Fifth Symphony,* the *Ninth Symphony* and other compositions which will thrill mankind throughout human history. Suppose Annie Sullivan had quit after her ten thousandth baffling effort with poor little blind, deaf and mute Helen Keller. Around the corner was an awakened soul and a whole new system of education for deaf mutes—new hope for handicapped children to come.

It is the possibility of the things around the corner that keeps me going these days. On the basis of all I can see I should look for chaos worse confounded after this war. How can one imagine any good coming from such consummate and wholesale evil? Will there be a decent and lasting peace after hostilities have ceased and we have

won a so-called victory? How can I be so naive? But feeling thus may not be naivete. This universe is a big place. I do not know what may be around the corner. Perhaps at this very hour there is being born some baby who will rise up and lead us to a new day. Anything may happen in such a world. I shall not give up. I shall go on a little longer and see what is around the corner.

We think often of him who held on a little longer, and then a little longer until he died victoriously on the cross able to pray even for his tormentors. And then remember what happened around that corner. How utterly dark and impossible seemed the world the evening of that awful Friday, which, since we rounded the corner, we have called *Good Friday*. All the fondest hopes of the few friends of Jesus had been dashed to earth by the crucifixion. Suppose that night they had banded together in a suicide pact and proceeded to end it all. Thirty-six hours later came the resurrection—an open tomb, an open gateway into new life, here and through eternity.

There is the assurance that around the last corner, the corner we call death, is eternal life. That assurance has kept millions struggling on through illness and suffering to a triumphant end.

All this means that our Christian faith undergirds and gives foundation and background to what we have said. Behind each life and within tomorrow is God. Upon his divine resources we may draw for holding on a little longer, and of his presence around the corner we may be confident.

Are you at the breaking point—ready to quit? You can hold on a little longer by God's help; and of the future—yours and the world's—you may well believe that "no eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, what God has prepared for those who love him."

A Prayer for God's Mercy

By Walter S. R. Powell

Pastor, First Methodist, Greenwich, Connecticut

ALMIGHTY GOD, who art able to give the light which will make it possible for us to see in the darkness, the life which will cause us to rejoice amid the gloom of despair, the peace which brings quietness to our troubled spirits, we worship thee.

We confess in thy sight our ingratitude for thy continuing favor. Although thou hast richly blessed us, we persist in using these evidences of thy lovingkindness to satisfy our self-centered desires. We become so involved in a mad pursuit after those treasures which moth and rust can corrupt that we do not take time to meditate upon thy mercy, thy loving care and thy watchful providence.

We ask thee to be merciful to us because of the stubbornness of our wills and the hardness of our hearts. Deliver us, we pray, from that self-centeredness which drives us to dissipate the strength of our lives in a fruitless quest after transitory possessions; from that narrowness of vision which warps our sense of values; from that arrogance which tempts us to feel superior to those who are less privileged than ourselves; from that self-righteousness which offends thy prodigal children.

Some of us have lost our sense of direction amid the confusion and the perplexity of these times. We seek the light of thy presence to illuminate the darkness of aimless living. Amid the desert trails of monotony of our daily tasks, grant us the insight to behold those burning bushes which remind us of thine everlasting presence.

We ask thee to calm those who are overcome with anxiety, that they may realize that their lives are always within the reach of thy loving care. Grant strength to those who are wearied in body and exhausted in spirit, that they may be able to run and not be weary. Kindle the faith of those who live without hope for the morrow. In the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Communion

I HOLD thee within my hand—
Morsel of bread—
Substance of all realms of living,
Force and energy of the one essence,
Symbol of unity,
Token of communion,
Emblem of faith,
Knowledge of oneness—
Integral and holy,
Blessed and healing.

The hands of man have sown thee
The dark soil held thy seed
The urge of being uplifted thee—
The sun and dew
The stars and the calmness of night
Sang to thee,
The winds of adversity
Made thee strong;
The hands of man gathered thee,
Molded and formed thee—
Now—the thought of man
Enfolds thee—
At one
With the infrangible cosmic whole.

The wine of life—
Symbol of spirit—
As bread is of matter—
Yet both are one.
Within the force and fire,
Within the electrical radiance
Of holy breath
Wait the vibrations of being
For the vessel made pure,
For the cup held open—
To fill a receptacle
Which thrills with the knowledge
Of God-presence.

FRANZISKA RAABE PARKINSON.

Pulpit Post

Can Ministers Help But Be Neurotic?

SIR: The observation of my former classmate, Dennis Bennett, as to the presence of the neurotic strain in the personality of the average minister (March), is not startlingly new. I was almost thrown out of a meeting of the Milwaukee Minister's Fellowship (Congregational) in 1949 for elaborating this thesis.

I do not believe that an individual is necessarily neurotic prior to his entering the clergy as a profession, but he cannot remain in it for any appreciable length of time without becoming so. It is one of the prices we must pay for being at war with society and of calling men and women to repentance. The thesis was well articulated by Arthur Koestler in 1945 when he wrote, in his essay, "The Intelligentsia," that resisting the majority is neurosis forming. The resultant guilt complex in the intelligentsia, he said, is the income tax one has to pay for wanting to make others richer."

Bennett's title, "Should Ministers *Be* Neurotic?" as if a conscious choice is involved, should have been changed to read, "Can Ministers *Help But Be* Neurotic?"

First Congregational, C. O. BASINGER.
Port Washington, Wis.

The Best Children's Sermon

SIR: Most of my friends in the ministry agree that speaking to children is one of our most difficult and important tasks. They also remark on the rarity of good material. Most books of children's sermons give little help. The stories are adult and are often too long and tedious. They need to appeal to the most discerning of all hearers, the child.

So, it is a splendid experience to read in the February Pulpit, "Treasure Hunt" by Margaret Henrichsen. This lady has the secret. I think perhaps this is the best story sermon I have read in all my ministry, and the children loved it. Hats off to Miss Hendrichsen, and please, will she give us more?

Knox Church, HUGH MCLEOD.
Winnipeg, Canada.

From A New Subscriber

SIR: I am a new subscriber to your journal, and I find it interesting to say the least.

In the February issue the first sermon prescribes the kind of religion this old world needs. I personally take exception to the author's presentation. First, he says that he believes that if religion is going to save this world, it will have to be "a liberal religion." How vague! It seems to me that that is just the trouble: we have too much vague, undefined religion in the world now. Obviously liberal religion has not always produced the "personal character" that the author claims it does. Nor have I found conservative religion to be unreasonable or unscientific, just because those who disagree with it say it is.

First Reformed, DANIEL H. FYLSTRA.
Lansing, Ill.

The Church's Forgotten Members

SIR: Has any minister ever considered the solution I am going to offer for the plight of the many hundreds with impaired hearing, whose hearing aids and lip-reading ability are quite adequate for ordinary life, but not for church attendance?

Straining to hear or to see, as they are trained to do, they can gather no more than a few tantalizing, disconnected phrases of the sermon as it is ordinarily given from the pulpit. Think how many intelligent would-be churchgoers have thus been forced, through disappointment, to give up the struggle and stay at home. Need such persons be denied participation in the service and the indispensable feeling of "belonging"?

I am not speaking of those people with a slight hearing loss who can benefit from pulpit acoustics or hearing aids in pews, but of those with over 70 per cent hearing loss, whose eyes must do double duty for ears. Take the case of Miss S., an almost perfect lip reader and teacher of lip reading for over 20 years, who is totally deaf. She confessed to me that she has "nothing to go on"—no kind "hand" to follow—while the minister fluently jumps from subject to subject. The bare announcement of title and text are not enough. Miss S. never goes to church. She said, "It wasn't any use," and hungrily devoured the printed sermons I brought her.

Isn't this the key to a happy solution for these needlessly frustrated, would-be worshipers of ours: a printed guide of key words and thoughts of the sermon (and Scripture, if you please), distributed *before* the service to all who have any difficulty in following? Perhaps then much mental suffering, as well as the isolation of now neglected thousands who never come to church, might become a thing of the past, once they learned what is being done for their friends who do go. It would take a few more minutes of a busy minister's time, but what rich rewards it might bring! I, who have to have note takers, and so seldom find them, know this so well.

Blessings upon all who do something about this pressing problem for the church's forgotten members.

First Congregational, JEANNE M. WYSOR.
Columbus, Ohio.

Gospel-Centered Preaching

SIR: For the last 25 years I have subscribed for the *Christian Century* and The Pulpit. Last year I let my subscription lapse. The reason: the sermons in The Pulpit were lacking in real Gospel preaching. When I renewed my subscription recently I was agreeably surprised to find The Pulpit full of Gospel preaching. Needless to say I was greatly encouraged.

Weekley Memorial, E. RAY COLE.
Evangelical United Brethren,
Charleston, W. Va.

The February Issue

SIR: A host of your "evangelical" readers are rejoicing and thanking God for the February Pulpit. We trust that the trend continues. It makes for good balance.

First United Presbyterian, WILLIAM P. COOKE.
Akron, Ohio.

He Likes Pulpit Patter

SIR: Many times I toss aside an issue of The Pulpit without reading a sermon, but I seldom fail to read and enjoy Pulpit Patter. I appreciated especially the December issue's consideration of "Reverend." It is one of my pet peeves, too. I take the liberty of enclosing a copy of my attempt to correct the situation. I began with the morticians, who, I think are about the worst offenders. I'm afraid our campaign is fated to end in failure, but I also get satisfaction in registering my opposition.

E. WALLACE MAST.
South Church, Congregational,
New Britain, Conn.

[A mimeographed copy of Mr. Mast's article, "Call Me Mister," can be secured by writing to him at the address given above. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.—THE EDITORS.]

How to Write a Dull Sermon

By Fred E. Luchs

EARLY in the 1920's, a tall, mild Presbyterian-looking young man named DeWitt Wallace approached various editors in New York to ask permission to reprint their articles in his new digest. They prophesied failure. Who would want to read warmed-over material republished a month late? These editors had forgotten that it is not the formula which makes or breaks a magazine, but the way in which the formula is carried out. Wallace was convinced that most articles were overwritten. He discovered the art of condensing five thousand words into two thousand without destroying much but the author's style. This art, and his unerring sense of what would interest ordinary men and women, began to have a startling effect on the output of the *Reader's Digest.* In 1930 it began a rapid climb until its circulation topped all other magazines.

Excess Wordage

Pluck out excess wordage and your sermons will climb upward in hearer interest. In Stuck's famous painting, "The Crucifixion," we have a picture on methodology for the preacher. The artist shows the preacher what to eliminate. Contrast this picture with almost any other crucifixion picture by the historical painters. The traditional picture includes many details such as the soldiers, the chief priests, the crowds and the friends. But Stuck reduces the spectators to four and suggests only vaguely the Hill of Calvary. The strength of the picture lies in what he omits.

Ministers can invigorate their sermons by learning what to leave out. Most sermons would be improved by simplification, but deletion comes hard to a minister. We treasure the sacred words we have written. How can we part with that which came to us by much perspiration and travail?

Intelligent deletion can change the result of our efforts from a dull, laborious dissertation to an easy-to-listen-to sermon. If what the minister wishes to say can be said in 20 minutes, the sermon is too long if it takes 25 minutes. People do not object to *long* sermons; they object to *wordy* sermons. Today men think much more quickly than formerly. They read the daily newspaper from its headlines, or glancing down the column of the editorial, extract its significance hastily. Accustomed to rapid mental action through the week, they go to church on Sunday and are wearied by hearing a minister hold a single thought before them—possibly a rather commonplace thought at that for a half hour.

Look at the power of caricature. With only a few bold lines the artist makes his subject recognizable. Why? Because he emphasizes by exaggeration the characteristic lines—the lines we ordinarily see in a particular person. The caricaturist could give us ten times as many lines, carefully omitting the few characteristic ones, but we would not then recognize the subject. The accuracy of the lines is unimportant. The lines we fail to recognize are just as truthful as the lines we do recognize. We never see everything. Our eyes focus only upon a few significant characteristics and our imagination does the rest.

The Bold Lines

How does one delete? Just how can we omit words, phrases, sentences and still retain the message?

The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. "Where shall I begin, please Your Majesty?" he asked.

"Begin at the beginning," the King said, very gravely, "and go on till you come to the end: then stop."

This passage from *Alice in Wonderland* has been called the greatest rule of writing that was ever laid down. Abide by it in sermon preparation, and Sabbath mornings will find eager upturned faces in your pews. Sneer at the rule, and heads in the pews will bob and turn.

Many ministers do not "begin at the beginning." They go back and take a running start. Hear the words of the warm up: "Dear Christian friends, this morning I take my text from. . . . " By the end of this introduction Mrs. Jones is putting the finishing touches on the noon meal; Mary Brown is selecting next week's wardrobe; Farmer Brown is husking next autumn's corn crop.

Begin. Don't set the stage. The stage should have already been set. Begin. Begin with a picture sentence which draws attention. "Jesus never stood on a street corner prating about the gilded boulevards of heaven." Some sermons remind us of 1900 business letters. "Yours of the 23rd inst. is at hand." This introduction goes back to pre-typewriter days. Watch your sermon openings perk up once you've thrown the acknowledgment phrase out the window.

Action Verbs

How can we stop at the end? By refusing to moralize. State the proposition. Hit the object at which you aimed. Stop. Don't dance around the object pointing out lesser truths.

Revise your sermons by eliminating all trite expressions—"absence makes the heart grow fonder," "almighty dollar," "busy as a bee," "in all its glory," "in the words of the poet."

Strengthen your sermons by substituting for the forms of *to be* some powerful action verbs. Try to avoid *was, is, am, have.* Use verbs: *strike, shake, run, split.* If you have written, "Be good to the person next to you," cross it out and write, "Help your neighbor." For the sentence, "John is a good boy," substitute "John ploughed the widow's garden." Instead of saying "God is a benevolent spirit," write "God loves man."

By using forms of *to be,* we slow up the tempo of our sermons, causing them to run down like a clock. No action takes place. People get lost in our abstractions. Nothing happens to that "will" we are trying to capture. *Am* is not a movement word. When we use these auxiliary verbs we are putting brakes on the marching progress of a sermon.

Use adjectives and adverbs sparingly. Colonial history records a certain Massachusetts Bay town meeting. The people had been called together to consider a resolution drawn up by the pastor of the village church in condemnation of a community evil. On the subject of this undesirable situation, the resolution read: "It is wrong." One of the citizens asked, "Why did you not make the statement stronger?" The minister replied, "At first I wrote, 'It is exceedingly wrong,' then I took out the word *exceedingly* to make it stronger."

But let us not forget the act which,

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A Sermon Summary

A Conversation with the President

Joshua 5:13-15.

SUPPOSE you had the opportunity to talk with Mr. Eisenhower for 25 or 30 minutes, what would you tell him? If I had this opportunity, I would say something like this: Mr. President, we, the people, believe in you. We admire your strong character, your dynamic personality. We respect your ability as a leader of men. We believe that you enjoy, as few men do, the confidence and respect of heads of state throughout the world. Few presidents in the history of the United States have received so overwhelming a vote of confidence.

My mind goes back more than 30 centuries to another great man who stood in the place where you are standing today. He too was a soldier, a general, the commander in chief of the allied armies of Israel. He too was called upon to take the place of another—one who had been the leader of his people for more than 40 years. On the edge of the wilderness where he and his people had lived for so long, Joshua faced the future with courage and hope. As he stood over against Jericho, wondering what to do next, he had a vision. I do not know whom or what he saw, but he became aware of a power outside himself. That was important. Without vision the people perish. Vision at its best means awareness of a power beyond ourselves. Joshua called that power God. Mr. President, unlike Joshua, you are facing not one but several Jerichos—Jerichos which seem so well entrenched, so strongly fortified by the sons of Anak, that many fear they will never be taken.

First, there is the Jericho of war. It is the most threatening Jericho that confronts us. If we do not find some way to destroy it, it will destroy us. You are a general. You have been trained to wage war, and you have waged war most successfully. If it is true that those who know war best fear it most, then we believe that you will dedicate your life to the exacting task of waging peace as successfully as heretofore you have waged war. I should like to remind you that, long before the people considered you for the high office of President of the United States, you said, "War is the greatest of social diseases." Do you still believe it? One of your fellow officers, Gen. Arnold, said, "One nation cannot defeat another nation today. That concept died with Hiroshima. War is like fire. You can prevent a fire, or you can try to put it out; but you cannot win a fire."

Second, we are facing the Jericho of a divided people. The need of the hour is for a man who can unite us as a nation, even as Joshua united the 12 divided tribes in his day. Well do we remember how the tragic news of Pearl Harbor united us overnight as Americans fighting for our lives. We were united by our hatred of a common foe. Today we are looking for a man who can unite us in a common cause.

Another of the Jerichos confronting you, Mr. President, is our people's loss of faith in themselves. It is alarming to see what is happening to the character of our people. We have drifted a long way from the spirit of the men and women who landed at Plymouth

(Continued on page 23)

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more than any other technique, will give us a vigorous style. Cross out the excess words. Throw out the verbal baggage which fails to give movement. Many of our phrases or sentences may halt the onward march of the listener's thinking. Our excess words do not push forward his thought flow. He stops. Other impressions rush in for recognition and we lose Mr. Listener. Tempt your hearers with many such "dead spots" and you have a dull sermon. An experienced minister told me in my youth, "Run a pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style." It works.

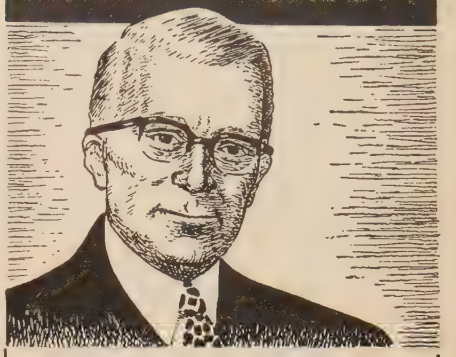
Verbiage may creep in because we are fond of hackneyed phrases. How easy it is to fall back on these soft cushions when pressed for a word. Verbosity often springs from laziness or lack of time. Horace Greeley said, "I would write shorter editorials, but I haven't time." Years ago Pliny the Younger wrote, "I apologize for this letter; I didn't have time to shorten it." A short sermon may require more time than a long sermon.

Pick up your pencil. In the sentence, "It seems to me that members should support this project," let's cross out the first five words. Instead of saying, "It has come to my attention that many ministers support the cause," substitute "Many ministers support the cause." Why say, "I am convinced in my own mind that the practice of gambling breeds criminals," when we can say, "Gambling breeds criminals"? Go back to the first sentence of my second paragraph. Originally it read, "The minister who learns the art of plucking out excess wordage. . . ." A pencil and 30 minutes of work can lift a sermon from one a parishioner "can't listen to" up to one he "can't help listening to."

A *Saturday Review of Literature* cartoon pictured a couple studying the billboard in front of a movie theater. They noted the critics' glowing comments: "Superb!" "A Must!" "Brilliant!" "Touching!" Turning to her escort the woman said, "I wonder if it's any good."

Go through next Sunday's sermon with that deleting pencil.

A PARSON PONDERS



"I'd like to—but I can't afford it"—replies the preacher who is urged to make sensible provision for the future. It sounds conclusive except that we nearly all manage to afford to buy what we consider to be a necessity.

But the more disturbing factor demands consideration. Do you know what it costs to protect your family? Sometimes it means questioning an axiom to suggest that the report of the high cost is like the rumor of Mark Twain's death—grossly exaggerated.

When the *net cost* of a Fund policy is clearly presented and understood the minister is frequently incredulous. He can hardly believe his own eyes. For example, a man of 25 may secure a $5000.00 policy for $81.65 annual premium. After protection has been enjoyed for 40 years, and if dividends accumulate, and the present scale of dividend payments continues, he will have a cash surrender value of $5147.00. The payments amounting to $3266.00 leave a net gain of $1881.00 on the investment. Besides all that, he has enjoyed the security for forty years of a contract insuring his life. If one seeks a bargain, where could a better buy be found?

Can a preacher afford *not* to make such a wise investment? Spending money "for that which satisfieth not" deserves the harsh words used by the prophet of old and echoed by the sages of today.

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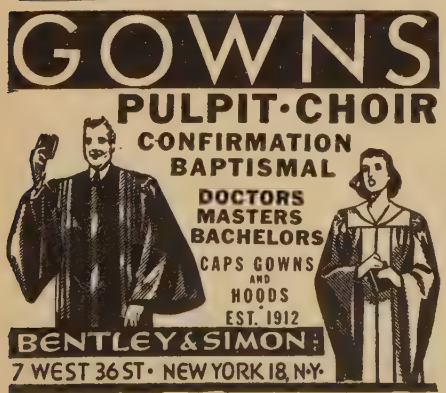

Pulpit Patter

By Morton S. Enslin

'But I Don't Like Him'

LOVE is commonly regarded as the basic principle of Christianity. Our favorite quotations all assert it: "God so loved the world . . . ," "If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love . . . ," "For the whole law is fulfilled in one word, 'You shall love your neighbor as yourself.' "

In spite of these claims which we assert so vigorously and which many of our unseen audience listen to so cynically, there is a deal of muddy thinking as to just what this so-characteristic "love" really is. Everyone knows of the precocious child who said, "I love Aunt Martha, but I don't like her." My impression is that, under that ageless smart saying, there is a deal of sound common sense and wholesome theology.

Through the years one very dear to me, whose own life is a glowing example of love at its sweetest, has often expressed difficulty at another familiar word in the Christian tradition: "If any one says 'I love God,' and hates his brother, he is a liar; for he who does not love his brother whom he has seen, cannot love God whom he has not seen." Her difficulty has never been with the first half—there is no one, I am sure, whom she hates—but with the last part, which she is wont to quote in its more familiar form as a question. "That," she has often expostulated, "is just the difficulty. It is because I *have* seen him that I find it so hard to love him!"

The little girl and her elderly sister have both alike put their finger on a real difficulty which preachers would do well to heed. The word *love*, especially when used as a noun, can be very ambiguous. It is a commonplace that in other languages, notably Greek, there are several words to describe love's different emotions. Not so in workaday English, notwithstanding the theological fad of the instant to try to acclimatize *agape*—three syllables, please—to the rigors of English usage and mispronunciation.

Properly or improperly, when the word *love* is used, it suggests to most people the sentiment of a husband for his wife, a father for an adored child, a lover for his sweetheart. And they are likely to be contemptuous, as it seems to me they should be, when they hear Richard Lovelace declaim to his Lucasta: "I could not love thee, dear, so much, lov'd I not honor more." Love, in the sense to which I am referring, is an all-out quality: no qualifications, no exceptions. To everyone else the adored one may seem selfish, vicious, even detestable; to the one who truly loves him this is but secondary. He may not be blind to the weaknesses, he may see them most painfully; but something—it may be irrational; it is nonetheless indestructible—keeps the channel open.

But that is only one side of the picture. Of necessity there are very few for whom I have that unreasoning and all-out devotion. Of course I love my wife as I love no other woman. And I am very suspicious of the man who prates: "A Christian should love all mankind alike. I love every woman as deeply as I do my own wife. I love every country as deeply as I do America." But while I love my wife, my children, my mother, my country in a way which I frankly admit I do not—cannot love other people and other lands, I am far from espousing the sentiment of the jingle:

> Dear God, bless me and my wife,
> My son John and his wife;
> Us four, no more.

There an utterly different element comes into the picture. I may not have the slightest fondness for that man—and as far as I can see there is no slightest reason I should—but that does not mean that I do not wish him well. I do not mean this in the idle and smug sense which James so properly excoriates. It often happens that men and women who know best the consuming love for their own devote themselves with no apparent regard for their own convenience to making possible for others the same joys and happiness so dear to them. And for the life of me I can see no contradiction here; no grounds for the stupid charge of narrow provincialism, nationalism, anti-ecumenicity, or the other slightly self-righteous epithets so easily tossed about.

"Let us love everybody?" Yes, if by *love* we mean to have the desire—always backed by very practical and genuine deeds—that he receive from life the same treatment which we crave for ourselves; no, if we mean to have a passionate attachment for him or want him for a personal friend.

Conversation

(Continued from page 21)

Rock 332 years ago. How we need to recapture the spirit of those simple folk who were so poor that they could not afford to buy a one-way ticket to the New World! Rather than remain where they were, they mortgaged their meager possessions and seven years of their future, and set foot upon an uncharted and hostile wilderness. Half of that little company died during that first terrible winter. But when in the spring of 1621 Capt. Jones of the Mayflower offered free passage to all survivors who wished to return to the security of England, none accepted. They preferred to remain in a country which offered them an opportunity for a brighter future, rather than to return to the security of a life which promised no future.

Still another Jericho which must be conquered is that of moral corruption in high places. We hear that the city of Washington continues to hold the record for the consumption of spiritous beverages, with every adult 15 years of age and older consuming 4½ gallons of distilled spirits during 1950. This figure does not include beer and wine. Mr. President, it takes a sober generation to handle our kind of world. One of the Indian tribes, after every victory over the white men, celebrated with a drunken orgy. But they insisted that one of their number must remain sober. Mr. President, we like to think that you will be that man in Washington. We cannot be inwardly weak and outwardly strong at the same time.

Lastly, there is the Jericho of religious indifference. Mr. President, you were raised in a religious home where the Bible was read and prayers were offered. Your parents instilled in you a deep and abiding faith in God. Almost 90 million Americans are members of churches; 95 per cent of us claim to believe in God. We like to think that you are one of us. Mr. President, we believe that America needs to return to the religious faith of our fathers who dedicated this country to Almighty God.

Like Joshua, you are facing the most critical hour in your nation's history. The wilderness is behind us; before us stretches the land of promise, a new era. Will you lead us into it? Some time ago there appeared in one of our well known magazines a striking picture of an American marine just returned to the rear from patrol duty in Korea. He was cold and hungry and miserable. His face reflected the utter dejection of his spirit. With his spoon he was trying to break loose a single frost-coated bean from the others in his tin can. A photographer, passing by, thought to cheer up this unhappy marine by inquiring abruptly, "If you could have your dearest wish, what would you ask for?" He expected the answer to be a warm place to sleep, some clean clothes to wear, a piece of mother's apple pie or the company of the girl friend back home. But without changing the expression of his face the marine merely answered, "I want tomorrow." Mr. President, if you should ask the soldiers fighting in Korea what they want you to do for them more than anything else, they would answer, "We want tomorrow." If you were to ask the American people what they want you to do for them more than anything else, they would answer, "We want tomorrow." Will you give us that tomorrow?—*John J. Rasmussen, Noel Memorial Methodist, Shreveport, La.*

Prophet's Death

'Tis sad to see a prophet die
The inner death beyond the eyes;
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Confounded by his common sense.
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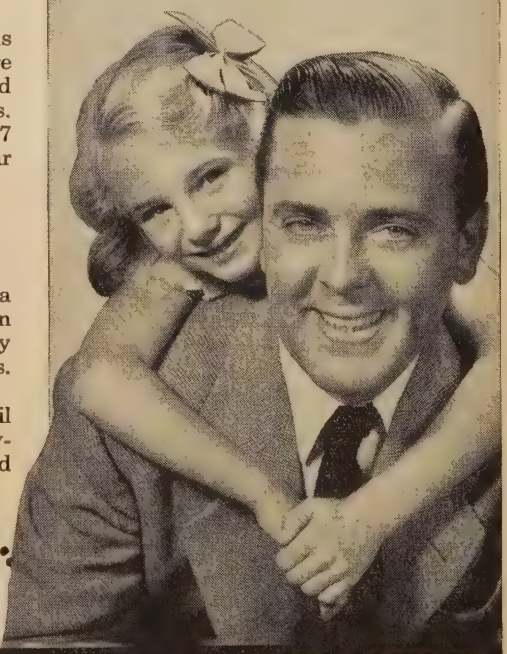

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They fell into conversation with a stranger going their way, and they all went on talking . . . And then the stranger broke out! 'But you have got this all wrong . . .'

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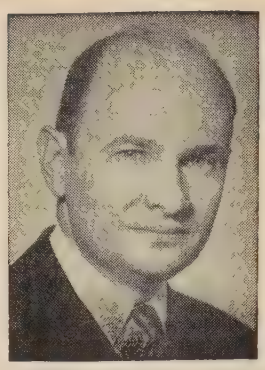

Come Let Us Worship

By Clarence Seidenspinner

Imagination and Worship

MANY pastors do not reflect a sense of God's presence when leading a service of worship. Sometimes the trouble is with dress. I remember visiting a Universalist church which had a strong Unitarian bent. To my astonishment, the minister was dressed in a way that suggested a confused Anglican priest trying to make up his mind whether the occasion was matins or holy communion. He wore cassock, surplice, clerical collar and liturgical stole, with minor impedimenta here and there. Here were the vestments, mark you, of trinitarian Christianity. All the while these Universalists were seeking to make themselves at home in a Unitarian service, pondering Unitarian theology from the lips of a pastor whose dress contradicted his message. His vestments, in other words, were out of place. His dress lacked the right imaginative touch for that particular liturgical setting. It constituted a hurdle between the worshiper and his God.

There are many fine forms of traditional dress which are so well known and so often seen that they are in good taste. To the average person they appear to be perfectly natural. But the man about town, including your humble columnist, is thrown for a loss when he looks up from prayer to see a husky fellow, who might well play center on the basketball team, with a neck gear perilously close to that of a child in a high chair. I find it very difficult, also, to worship in the presence of a minister who wears a neck stock with tabs.

Just as damaging is an outfit of very personalized clothes of a business or social nature. It is a strange sight to see a vested choir flanking some dapper minister in a nicely pressed gray suit and an off-shade red tie bulging with an orchid medallion. Like a bird, whose eyes are transfixed by the glittering splendor of the serpent's eyes, the worshiper finds it difficult to take his mind off that orchid medallion. If ministers of worship had imagination, they would dress in simple good taste with no vestments or affectations that might direct the attention of the worshiper from God. Very soberly, a man ought to look at himself in the mirror and ask: What effect is my presence going to have in the movement of the human spirit to Almighty God?

Sometimes the trouble is with extra-liturgical action. When a liturgical imagination helps the minister to understand that the Lord is in his holy temple, he will behave in accordance with the refrain of that ancient call to worship: "Let all the earth keep silence before him." Lacking this imagination, he will run over to the organist's bench during the service to consult her, hand a note to the choir master, beckon to the usher and chat with the visiting divine.

Allied to this is the minister's fear of the right liturgical action. In moments of adoration and dedication, for example, he needs to stand directly facing the altar, for it is the center and symbol of the presence of God. When a minister moves in the processional hymn to the center of the chancel for an invocation and turns around to face the people, how can they get the idea that God is about to be adored?

Liturgical imagination can help lead the human spirit to worship Almighty God.

On Christian Education

TODAY is National Christian College Sunday. One of the great shocks to American public morals in these days is the disclosure of the basketball bribery scandal. Many are inclined to ask, What's the matter with our college boys? or more important, What's the matter with our colleges? While we rise in moral indignation, let us look more deeply into the ethical practices of our time. We find some policemen accepting bribes. Then we get a bit higher to find city officials getting secret handouts. The Kefauver investigation has evidently only scratched the surface of civic dishonesty. And as we go higher still, right into Washington, D. C., we find some of our highest government officials receiving Frigidaires and mink coats for "favors performed." The young act according to the example set for them by their elders and those in authority over them. Someone has said, "Juvenile delinquency takes place when a boy imitates his father."—*W. R. Brandli, Woodlawn Reformed, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Pulpit Paragraphs

Contributed by John G. Simmons

BLESSED are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. . . . Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. These are the first words of the greatest sermon ever preached. How strange they sound. How unrelated to the world we live in, read about, or watch on television. We conclude that they are very pretty words—ideals perhaps—but no more than that. We say they are something to aim for and shoot at, but they are not practical. Judged by contemporary standards, the Beatitudes bless the wrong people. This mad world has no prizes for those who feel the burden of their spiritual need. Rather, it is the self-sufficient, the go-getters who succeed. As for the meek inheriting the earth, this is pure nonsense—it is the strong, the powerful, the wealthy and the proud.

• *First Person Singular*

These words tell of the eternal struggle of God with you and me. We create and make our own gods. But the gods we fashion are merely camouflage for the real sin of our lives, the will to be our own god. We run from a rendezvous with God who created and redeemed us, but we can never escape him. He is the very hound of heaven. His mills grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine. It is our ego which is always in the way. It prevents us from surrendering, from admitting our spiritual need, and it drives us to stupid self-seeking. This age can be described as Ralph Waldo Emerson described his age, "the age of the first person singular." We steam up the mirror of life with our own breath. We get in the way of ourselves. We trip over our own feet. We are allergic to ourselves. We push our way through life stubbornly demanding our own way. But we ought never to forget that the devil became the devil because he tried to be God.

• *When Life Tumbles In on You*

BLESSED are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted." Does that sound peculiar? Do you want to throw a question back? Why did Jesus offer his congratulations to those on whom life had tumbled in? I want to proclaim his answer. Perhaps a paraphrase will help, "Blessed are you when life tumbles in on you if you have no illusions and are willing to let God in and under your sorrows." Goethe noted wisely, "We are our own devils. We drive ourselves out of the Garden of Eden." He might have added, "and out of the Garden of Gethsemane." We turn our hurts, heartaches and sorrows into the devil of self-pity, which is the worst disease of man; we transform our outward defeats into inward demons of despair; we take our tragedies and make of them funeral dirges. When God comes in, he gets under our sorrows. Maude Royden, the great English Christian, said, "I never try to explain suffering and sorrow. If anybody asks, I say, 'I can't,' but I also say I have a power than can overcome. God is that power." When God gets in, he gets *under*—that's the meaning of the cross. The cross dissolves our resentment against God when life tumbles in. "He spared not his own son." He shares in every heartache. The cross gives God's answer and his power.

Suffering is the mother of sympathy. The eye that never has known tears lacks something that is essential to tenderness. Difficult hours can be the most fruitful hours. A background of dark velvet best shows up the luster of diamonds. When life is at its worst, Christians are at their best. On the darkest nights the stars shine brightest. We darken the cages of birds to teach them to sing.

Yes, life tumbles in on all of us, but comfort comes to those who in his strength seek to lose themselves in helping others. Hosea made his own sorrow the key to the salvation of his people. Beethoven made music, though deaf. Milton, though blind, wrote poetry. Florence Nightingale healed the hurt, having been hurt herself. With the Psalmist we can then turn "mourning into dancing." Or with George Matheson we sing, "O joy that seekest me through pain, I cannot close my heart to Thee."

The cross and the empty tomb go together. Like Hopeful in *Pilgrim's Progress*, standing in the midst of the roaring Jordan, when life tumbles in on us, we can call back to the others, "Be courageous! I have felt the bottom and it is sound!"

• *Not the End of the Trail*

IN ONE of our eastern cities is a famous statue of an Indian on a horse, called "The End of the Trail." The horse stands with drooping head at the end of the trail of life, but the Indian sits with hands and face raised toward the sky where dwells the Great Spirit in the Happy Hunting Ground. The end of the trail? Through Easter, God answers, "No!" Rather it is the beginning of the trail. It is the Christian insight and faith that everlasting life is the gift of God both here and now and then. The sign of our faith is not so much a crucifix as it is an empty tomb. It is not an hour glass in the aging hands of Time, but an angel at the door of the empty tomb. We go on hoping despite every calamity because we cannot help ourselves. Where God has planted a yearning in the human heart, he has somewhere planted a supply to meet that yearning.

• *Spiritual Preparation Is Personal*

THERE are probably some who have criticized the five wise virgins for being selfish and smug when they refused to share their oil with the five foolish virgins. But this is to miss the real point: *You can't share spiritual preparation in the midnight crisis.* Character and faith, which were represented by the oil in the lamps, cannot be given to another person in the hour of desperate crisis. You can't give another person your education. You cannot transfer inner resources. You cannot give inner peace to another. Nor can you give courage or spiritual strength. Spiritual preparation must be *personal* preparation.

(Continued on page 27)

Pulpit Calendar

Mar. 29-Apr. 4—Holy Week.
Apr. 2—Maundy Thursday.
Apr. 3—Good Friday.
Apr. 5—Easter.
Apr. 12—1st Sunday after Easter.
Apr. 19—2nd Sunday after Easter.
Apr. 26—3rd Sunday after Easter.
May 3—4th Sunday after Easter.
May 3-10—National Family Week.
May 10—5th Sunday after Easter. Festival of the Christian Home.
May 14—Ascension Day.
May 17—Sunday after the Ascension.
May 24—Whitsunday. The Festival of Pentecost. Christian Unity Sunday.
May 30—Memorial Day.
May 31—Trinity Sunday.
June 7—2nd Sunday after Pentecost.
June 14—3rd Sunday after Pentecost. Children's Sunday.
June 21—4th Sunday after Pentecost.
June 28—5th Sunday after Pentecost. Nature Sunday.
SEASONS: Lent; Easter; Ascension; Pentecost; Kingdomtide.
ALTAR COLORS: Lent, Violet; Good Friday, Black; Easter, White; Ascension, White; Pentecost, Red; Trinity Sunday and 2nd Sunday after Pentecost, White; Other Sundays after Pentecost, Green.

(Pulpit Calendar lists dates in the calendar of the Christian year and other observances of national or religious significance.)

JOHN G. SIMMONS is pastor of St. Matthews Lutheran Church, North Hollywood, Calif. A minister of the United Lutheran Church, he held a pastorate in Minneapolis and was a candidate for mayor of that city before going to California. An article on his campaign experiences appeared in the Christian Century *under the title, "I Ran for Mayor."*

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After stating his unusual text, Dr. Macartney paints a vividly realistic word picture of the characters and scenes that make up the context of the Bible phrase. Against such a background, he stresses the necessity of living by the Ten Commandments and the teachings of Jesus, and tells of the rewards of Christian faith in this life and the life to come.

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Ministry of Music

By Ernest K. Emurian

Quarterly Music Review

PRO ART Publications, New York, will send small, clearly printed, attractively prepared copies of their anthems to choir directors on request. Among their recent releases worthy of mention are the following: "There is a green hill," Gounod's famous solo arranged for four-part mixed voices by Dawson, Choral #1330, 18 cents, and excellent for the Easter season. "The ninety and nine," Campion's solo arranged for four parts by Hadley, Choral #1360, 20 cents. The simplest and most singable arrangement of "The twelve days of Christmas" this reviewer has seen in a long time, arranged by Avalos for four parts, Choral #1357, 22 cents. A well-balanced arrangement of the spiritual "Wayfaring stranger" for four parts, Choral #1379, 18 cents. This number could be improved by permitting the bass soloist to sing the solo an octave lower than written during the repeating of the number, with the tenor taking the solo the first time according to instructions. A concert arrangement by Caddo of the spiritual "Roll Jordan Roll" for four parts, Choral #1332, 16 cents, is colorful and dramatic.

A word of commendation for Pro Art Publications is in order—there is little of the fancy "oo-ing," "ah-ing" and background humming in their arrangements. Also, the accompaniments do not stop when the voices take over. Too much modern choral music is written with dramatic accompaniments which, like old soldiers, "fade away" just when the singers try to find their correct notes. This may be a modern trend, but it surely works havoc with the average volunteer choir that needs all the support the organ and/or piano can provide. Pro Art has done a good job and deserves the support of choirs throughout the country.

For choirs that are short on men most publishers prepare three-part arrangements of leading anthems, for soprano, alto, baritone; others have published anthems for soprano-alto in unison or tenor-bass for the few-and-far-between choirs that are top-heavy with male voices. An inquiry will bring a prompt reply with sample copies on approval. Since choirs do not have to sing in four parts to win either the approval of their listeners or their heavenly Father, many would do well to sing within their own range, choosing three-part music and doing it well, rather than to "murder" a four-part anthem out of a false sense of musical pride.

For the junior choir that has progressed beyond the hymnal (many would be more effective if they stuck to the hymnal), there are two publications that merit a word. Harold Flammer Co., New York, publishes *Your Children's Choir*, edited by Myrtha Licht, containing 10 one- and two-part hymns and songs for 10 months of the year, 12 pages, 40 cents. Children will recognize several of the melodies as having been taken from their hymnals. The A. P. Schmidt Company, Boston, publishes a series of "Junior Choir Leaflets" with several selections in each, for the most part arranged for two voices, at 25 cents for each publication.

Hall & McCreary, Chicago, have brought out *101 Chorales Harmonized by Bach*, compiled by Buszin, 101 pages, $1, and excellent. Also they have published a Heller collection of 31 easy anthems and choruses for the mixed choir, *Sing unto God*, 95 pages, no price listed.

Richard Maxwell Publications, 701 Seventh Ave., New York, offer a sermon in song, "God speaks to the world," by Filas, an easy anthem for the average choir, 20 cents; and a "cantorio"—a narrative-cantata-oratorio—"The light of the world" by Mr. Maxwell himself, arranged by Gilmore, 60 pages, $1.25. This is something different for narrator, organ, soloists and choir—colorful, yet easily within the range of the everyday volunteer choir that wants to present the aged-old story in a fresh, novel way.

For directors who want short, easy anthems that can be "polished off" at one rehearsal, Harold Flammer, New York, has these publications: "Jerusalem my happy home," Henry Stewart's setting of a traditional melody, four parts, #84391, 18 cents; and Irving Davis' composition "Teach me O Lord," #84379, 18 cents. And Canyon Press of East Orange, N. J., has "We give thanks," by Thompson and Bush, four parts, 22 cents. For the choir advanced and flexible enough to do it justice, Mercury Music Corporation's anthem "Sing for joy," an a

cappella New Year carol for four-part mixed voices arranged by Carl Parrish, is lively and delightful.

For old fashioned choral "oomph" few new anthems can touch MacDouggall's "Onward Christian Soldiers," if the director lets all the men sing the bass solo. Still available for mixed chorus as #312-06003, at 15 cents a copy from Theodore Presser, Bryn Mawr, Pa., it is guaranteed to win the day at any service even though it was first published back in 1921. And for brilliant color and dramatic contrast, the H. W. Gray Company, New York, still prints Tertius Noble's thrilling classic, "Fierce was the wild billow" (Op. 8, #5) for four parts. Beethoven's "Hallelujah Chorus" from "Mount of Olives," published by Presser for four parts at 20 cents, while not as complicated or contrapuntal as Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," is as inspiring and should be used with more frequency by large choral ensembles at great mass meetings.

Pulpit Paragraphs

(Continued from page 25)

• *Easter Is an Experience*

EASTER is neither a dogma of the Church nor a date on the calendar. It is an experience that cannot be diagrammed. It is an experience unknown to all who seek it in the dead yesterdays or in the decadent past. It comes only to the eternally youthful soul. Only to those whose eyes are opened to behold things invisible, unseen, whose thoughts dwell constantly on eternal and everlasting values, who love beauty of character and beauty of nature, who are dedicated to the ever-unfolding truth of the honest seeker and who are committed to a more and more inclusive fellowship is Easter a reality of experience, here and now.

• *The Vehicle of the Spiritual*

IN the feeding of the five thousand, the five loaves and the two fishes represent our human helplessness, our confession of dependence upon God and our fellowmen, and God's ever-sufficient grace. Because the bread of the body does not last, we are reminded that our need of God is daily and our cooperation with God is essential. Bread is sacramental. It is a means of grace. In the sacraments, nature participates in the process of salvation. Bread and wine, water, light and all the great elements of the material world become the bearers of spiritual meaning and saving power. The material and the spiritual powers are united or reunited in the sacrament. The physical and material, said Jesus, can be the vehicle of the spiritual. The visible can reveal the invisible. The whole universe exists for God. It was created by him for spiritual purposes. None of its energies can be twisted finally to prosper any purpose but God's.

GOD HIDDEN AND REVEALED

by John Dillenberger

Reinhold Niebuhr says of this important work, "A brilliant analysis of one aspect of Lutheran theology which has not been dwelt upon. This work sheds an interesting light on the concept of deus absconditus."

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by H. T. Lehmann

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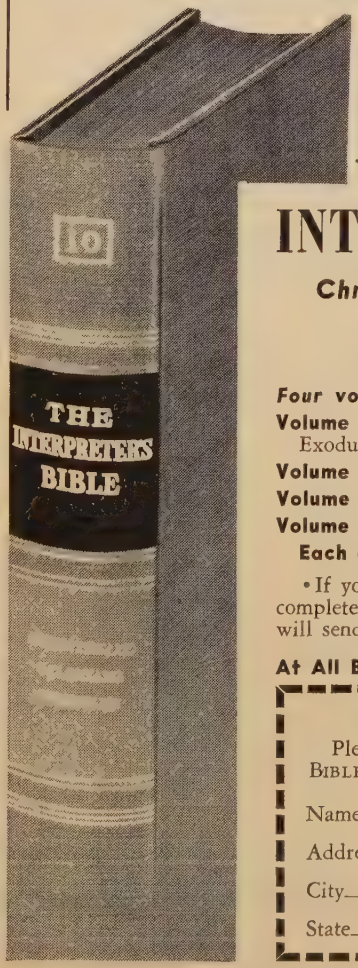

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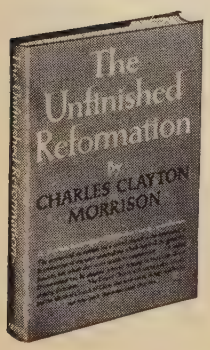

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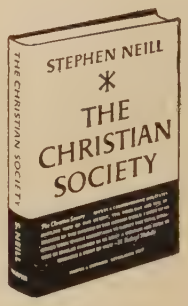

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by S. L. GREENSLADE

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Preachers in Print

Building Sermons

THE effective preacher never can afford to feel that he has arrived. For this reason he must be alert to the new tools which show promise of improving his pulpit ministry. Such a tool is ★★*Here Is My Method,* edited by **Donald Macleod** (Revel, $2.50). This volume on the art of sermon construction grew out of a summer conference of ministers who raised the question, "What makes great preachers tick?" A member of the group was the compiler-editor, who teaches homiletics at Princeton Theological Seminary. He asked 13 outstanding preachers to share the secrets of their craftsmanship. Each was to submit a sermon with his article. This book is the result. There are four Presbyterian contributions, three from Methodists, three from the United Church of Canada, one each from the Baptists and the Congregational-Christians, and one from Scotland. No Lutherans or Episcopalians are represented.

Every preacher could profit by studying how these pulpit craftsmen developed their art. Analysis shows that some of today's best preachers:

1. Provide for the development of their inner spiritual life.
2. Outline their sermon plans for at least a year ahead.
3. Maintain a strict budget of time for sermon preparation.
4. Adhere to a definite schedule for enrichment reading.
5. Try to live close to the personal and social experiences of their people.
6. Use a notebook to record sermon ideas at the time they enter the mind.
7. Develop a satisfactory filing system for references and illustrations.
8. After building a sermon outline, write a manuscript in order, as Bishop Gerald Kennedy puts it, "to find words to make the thoughts march."

These steps are worth rereading. How do they correspond with *your* method?

ANOTHER volume which will help the preacher evaluate his work, as well as his life, is **W. E. Sangster's** ★★*The Approach to Preaching* (Westminster, $2.00). A great many Americans look with anticipation to a volume from this widely known church leader from England. As the minister of London's Westminster Central Hall for over a decade and as a former president of the Methodist Church of the British Isles, he has had wide opportunity to know the intimate needs of the preacher. This book grew out of his lectures to the students of the six Methodist theological colleges in England. The volume will be especially valuable to seminary students, but the last chapter on "The Perils of the Calling" should be required reading for every pastor between the ages of 25 and 60. Like men in all callings, the minister is subject to certain "occupational diseases." The writer believes that dangers, such as the minister's attitude toward women and the misuse of money and time, are temptations common to all men. But the pastor faces special and even greater perils: (1) the itch for popularity, (2) professional jealousy, (3) superficial professionalism, (4) intellectual snobbery, (5) self-pity, (6) pettiness, (7) a martyr complex, (8) the neglect of his family, (9) carelessness in his devotional life. The value of this analysis lies in the fact that the author provides clear and valid suggestions for meeting each of these hazards.

A THIRD new tool is the one-volume ★*Concise Bible Commentary,* by **W. K. Lowther Clarke** (Macmillan, $7.00). Pastors who cannot afford the new *Interpreter's Bible,* or who wish to supplement it with the interpretations which have grown out of this British scholar's 40 years of study, will find the 1000-page volume an invaluable resource. Of special value are the first 300 pages of the commentary which contains 28 general articles on such subjects as "The Geography of Palestine," "Hebrew Life and Institutions," "The Jewish and Gentile Background of the New Testament" and "The Bible View of History." Sunday School teachers and laymen will find a stimulating and rewarding aid in this first new one-volume commentary to appear in two decades.

ALTON M. MOTTER.

ROUNDUP

THE REALM OF REDEMPTION. By **Robert Nelson.** Wilcox & Follett. The massive quantity and the unusual quality of 20th century studies directed to an inquiry into the nature of the Church has been one of the notable phenomena in contemporary theological scholarship. What has been needed, and what this book undertakes to supply, is an ordered presentation of the content and the result of these studies organized around the following themes: The origin of the Church, the Church and the Holy Spirit, the Church's relation to Christ, the Word of God as the Church's authority, the sacraments and the ministry, salvation in the Church, and the Church's essential unity.

The author, working with the theological faculty of the University of Zürich, has conducted a thorough survey of this material and has condensed the most salient results in a concise and heavily documented volume. It is a virtue of this book that it has been written in full acknowledgment of and participation in the ecumenical movement. It is not recommended to the general reader, for its content is too tight, its style too heavily descriptive and its hortatory sections non-existent! It is, however, a thoroughly responsible account for the minister, the theological student, and the teacher in all fields of religion.—*Joseph A. Sittler, Jr., Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary, Maywood, Ill.*

(★★★★You can't afford to be without it; ★★★Unusually valuable to the preacher; ★★Above average in its field; ★A good buy; No Star, depends on your taste and need.)

Books Preachers Are Reading

February	March	This Month	An analysis based on reports from leading religious booksellers and from the reading of the Pulpit's distinguished editorial associates and book reviewers.
7	4	1	**The Interpreter's Bible.** *Vol. 1 Abingdon-Cokesbury,* **$8.75**
5	3	2	**Rediscovering Jesus.** *Jack Finegan. Association Press,* **$2.50**
1	2	3	**An Autobiography of Prayer.** *Albert E. Day. Harper,* **$2.50**
9	8	4	**Joyous Adventure.** *David A. McLennan. Harper,* **$2.50**
2	1	5	**Your God is Too Small.** *J. B. Phillips. Macmillan,* **$1.75**
8	7	6	**Fulfill Thy Ministry.** *C. S. Neill. Harper,* **$2.00**
	9	7	**Ride the Wild Horses.** *J. Wallace Hamilton. Revell,* **$2.50**
		8	**Jesus Christ and His Cross.** *F. W. Dillistone. Westminster,* **$2.50**
		9	**Here Is My Method.** *Donald Macleod. Revell,* **$2.50**
	10	10	**Citizens of the World.** *Stringfellow Barr. Doubleday,* **$3.00**

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

RECENTLY in Cincinnati the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches brought together 1,500 religious educators. During the past half century four deviations have preoccupied the religious education movement. The first was the transfer of its normative interest from the Bible-centered to a child-centered pedagogy. Under the influence of modern psychology religious education took over the method of secular education. Second, when the ineffectual use of secular pedagogy became apparent, religious education became preoccupied with the concept of religious values apart from the commitment to a particular religion. This has been well characterized as a cut flower pedagogy.

The third preoccupation of the leadership of religious education was to secure a tiny fragment of public school time for church controlled religious education. To gain this end the churches fought a series of legal battles whose purpose was to get as close to a violation of the constitutional principle of separation of church and state as possible without committing an actual violation. An award was given at Cincinnati to a distinguished lawyer who had for twenty years led the Church forces in this cause. It would seem to me that the churches should better have given an award to any leader who had espoused the cause of keeping the churches so far from a violation of the constitution that they would need no lawyer or court to tell them whether their practice was unconstitutional. Fourth, at Cincinnati a new preoccupation with television emerged. It could be that this obsession is nothing more than a new form of the old preoccupation with method, which has now reached the ultimate absurdity of seeking to mechanize religious education.

The Book of the Month

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIETY. By Stephen Neill. Harper, $3.50.

THIS BOOK is little short of monumental. The title itself, as a variation of the Christian Church, is an inspiration. With penetrating insight, profound learning and fascinating style, Bishop Neill traces the pilgrimage of Christian society as it expands in fanlike movement throughout the world and down through the centuries. No such illumination of this history in the compass of a single volume is known to me. Bishop Neill has a more useful conception of Christian progress than that ordinarily employed by Western scholars. They think of it as moving in a straight line. Bishop Neill conceives of the growth as fanwise, spreading from the eastern Mediterranean world to Egypt, China, India and Europe. At the same time, periods of growth are succeeded by periods of stagnation. An area in which Christianity was temporarily stagnating was North Africa at the time when the Mohammedan faith was in its first great thrust of missionary outreach. I was fascinated by his analysis of an event in Christian history to whose significance Christian eyes for the most part have been blinded. Coming down to the period of modern missionary expansion, Bishop Neill speaks with particular authority, for he was for many years a missionary in India. His analysis of the problems created for the church by the revolutionary situation now existing is penetrating and informed. And his view that the only hope for the survival of the Christian society is for it to develop toward a united church through the ecumenical movement is one with which I agree.

A Thought for the Month

NOTHING less than a reconstruction of Protestantism will generate the spiritual revival we all profoundly desire. There will never be any more spiritual vitality in our denominational churches than we have now. These churches have long since passed their zenith in spiritual vigor. The attainment of an ecumenical church is in the interest of a profounder, a richer and a more adequate spiritual experience in personal life than our sectarianism is able to evoke. The motive for Christian unity is a double one—not only to bring to bear the full strength of the Christian faith upon the objective scene in America and throughout the world, but also to enrich and greaten the spiritual life of every individual believer. The Christian man cannot come to his full stature in Christ in a sectarianized church. Paul foresaw the impoverishment of spiritual life that sectarianism would entail, and admonished the Corinthians to remain ecumenical in order that they might enjoy the full richness of Christian experience which only the ecumenical fellowship could supply. It is not too much to say that a united church will produce a new kind of Christian! The glory and dignity of its world-wide mission and the depths of its richer fellowship will be reflected in every faithful soul. It can be affirmed with assurance that there will be no "great awakening" in Protestantism until its leaders and people set their hands and hearts to the great task of giving to Christ the church which his Lordship deserves for which he prayed and for whose life he died.

Christian Unity and The Spiritual Life

Charles Clayton Morrison

For the Record—

LAST month this column carried the farewell message of our former managing editor, Garland Evans Hopkins. No record of The Pulpit's history could be complete without an evaluation of his contribution to this magazine's standing in the field of religious journalism.

Twenty-four years ago The Pulpit was founded by Charles Clayton Morrison, its present editor. As editor of the *Christian Century* at that time, Dr. Morrison found himself deluged with sermon manuscripts for publication. He soon recognized the need for a separate journal which would carry representative sermons of American preachers and which would deal with some of the problems of the minister's life and work. It soon became the nation's leading homiletical journal.

Able Editors

Through the years, Dr. Morrison was assisted by an able corps of managing editors. Serving for the longest period was Thomas Curtis Clark, who carried the main editorial responsibilities from 1929 to 1948. He was succeeded for a short period by Virgil A. Kraft. Dr. Hopkins began his duties in 1950.

Dr. Hopkins' major contribution to The Pulpit was the new life and vigor he brought to its pages. He felt this needed to be expressed in a new layout, and it was soon transformed into its present attractive format. He not only increased its pages from 24 to 32, which made possible the publication of more sermons and articles, but also added the present columnists as regular monthly features.

It was his idea to carry an increased number of sermons from other lands and to develop the present board of editorial associates whose ideas and contributions have greatly enriched these pages.

A New Vitality

Pulpit Post letters in each issue testify to the renewed vitality The Pulpit has for an increasing number of readers.

Dr. Hopkins helped to make it in many ways the "New" Pulpit. As his successor, I am deeply indebted to him, not only for the legacy of a new spirit in these pages, but more especially for his guiding hand in initiating this writer into the intricacies of the journalistic profession. He has been both teacher and friend. As these words are written, he is about to embark on another round-the-world trip for the American Friends of the Middle East, of which he is now the full-time executive vice-president. In his new pioneering work as a Christian ambassador of understanding and good will between Americans and the peoples of the Middle East, we wish him bon voyage and Godspeed.

A.M.M.

The Pulpit

A Journal of Contemporary Preaching

Founded 1929

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The Pulpit is a service publication of the Christian Century Foundation. Signed contributions do not necessarily represent the views of The Pulpit. Contributions should be typewritten, double spaced and addressed to The Pulpit, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5. Include return postage. Price per copy, 30 cents. Subscription rate, U. S. A. and Canada, $3.00 a year; foreign, $3.35.

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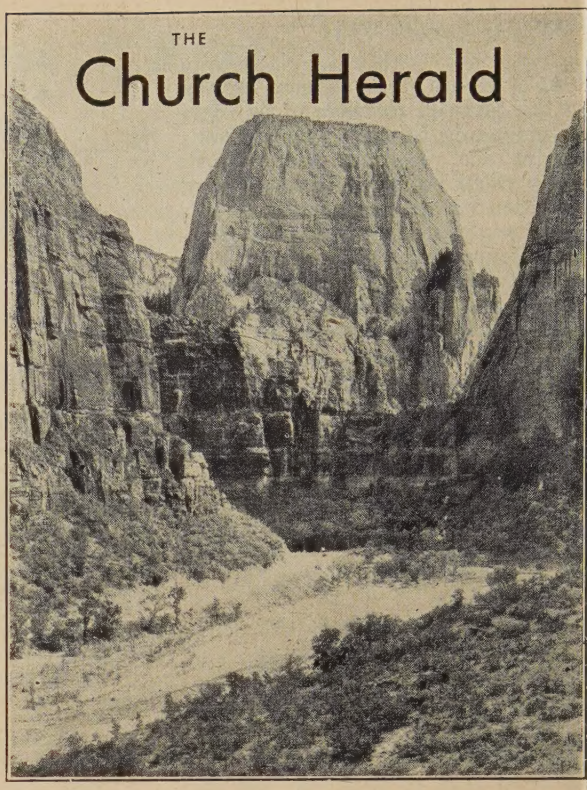

These Letters Speak for Themselves

"Your work is fine in every respect."—Rev. Gwyn D. Walters, Youngstown, Ohio.

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